

PROCEEDINGS  
OF THE  
LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY  
OF  
LIVERPOOL,  
DURING THE  
CENTENARY SESSION, 1910-1911,  
AND THE  
ONE HUNDRED AND FIRST SESSION, 1911-1912.  
No. LXII.



LIVERPOOL:  
D. MARPLES & CO., LORD STREET.  
—  
1912.



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## PAPERS PRINTED.

### SESSION C.

- Mr. T. L. DODDS, J.P.—“Hakluyt and Voyages of Discovery in Tudor Times.”
- Rev. E. A. WESLEY, M.A.—“The Schoolmen.”

### SESSION CI.

- Rev. E. A. WESLEY, M.A.—“The Relation of Literature to Philosophy.”
- Miss SARAH J. HALE—“Temper and Temperament.”
- Rev. W. E. SIMS, A.K.C.L.—“William Makepeace Thackeray.”

## LIST OF PRESIDENTS

FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE SOCIETY IN 1812.

## ELECTED

---

1812	. . . .	Rev. THEOPHILUS HOULBROOKE.
1817	. . . .	WILLIAM ROSCOE.
1831	. . . .	THOMAS STEWART TRAILL, M.D.
1833	. . . .	JOSEPH BROOKES YATES, F.S.A.
1839	. . . .	Rev. JAMES MARTINEAU, LL.D.
1840	. . . .	Rev. THOS. TATTERSHALL, D.D.
1843	. . . .	JOSEPH BROOKES YATES, F.S.A.
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1849	. . . .	JOSEPH BROOKES YATES, F.S.A.
1852	. . . .	JOSEPH DICKINSON, M.A., M.D., F.R.S.
1855	. . . .	ROBERT MCANDREW, F.R.S., F.L.S.
1856	. . . .	THOMAS INMAN, M.D.
1859	. . . .	Rev. HENRY HUGH HIGGINS, M.A.
1862	. . . .	WILLIAM IHNE, PH.D.
1863	. . . .	JAMES A. PICTON, F.S.A.
1866	. . . .	Rev. C. D. GINSBURG, LL.D.
1869	. . . .	J. BIRKBECK NEVINS, M.D.
1872	. . . .	ALBERT JULIUS MOTT, F.G.S.
1875	. . . .	[Sir] JAMES A. PICTON, F.S.A.
1877	. . . .	JOHN J. DRYSDALE, M.D., M.R.C.S.
1879	. . . .	[Sir] EDWARD R. RUSSELL.
1881	. . . .	EDWARD DAVIES, F.C.S., F.I.C.
1883	. . . .	RICHARD STEEL, J.P.
1885	. . . .	WILLIAM CARTER, LL.B., M.D., B.Sc.
1887	. . . .	JAMES BIRCHALL.
1889	. . . .	Rev. HENRY HUGH HIGGINS, M.A.
1890	. . . .	B. L. BENAS, J.P.
1892	. . . .	Principal RENDALL, M.A., Litt.D.
1894	. . . .	J. BIRKBECK NEVINS, M.D.
1896	. . . .	JOHN NEWTON, M.R.C.S.
1897	. . . .	RICHARD J. LLOYD, D.Lit., M.A., F.R.S.E.
1899	. . . .	Rev. E. N. HOARE, M.A.
1900	. . . .	J. MURRAY MOORE, M.D., M.R.C.S., F.R.G.S.
1901	. . . .	Rev. E. A. WESLEY, M.A.
1903	. . . .	Rev. W. E. SIMS, A.K.C.L.
1905	. . . .	A. THEODORE BROWN.
1906	. . . .	JAMES T. FOARD.
1907	. . . .	J. HAMPDEN JACKSON, F.R.G.S., F.C.I.S.
1909	. . . .	ALFRED E. HAWKES, M.D.
1910	. . . .	THOMAS L. DODDS, J.P.
1911	. . . .	Rev. E. A. WESLEY, M.A.

# COUNCIL.

SESSION CI, 1911-1912.

*President :*

Rev. EDMUND A. WESLEY, M.A.

*Ex-Presidents :*

Sir EDWARD R. RUSSELL.

EDWARD DAVIES, F.C.S.,

F.I.C.

RICHARD STEEL, J.P.

WILLIAM CARTER, LL.B.,

M.D.

B. L. BENAS, J.P.

Rev. G. H. RENDALL, M.A.,

Litt.D.

Rev. W. E. SIMS, A.K.C.L.

A. THEODORE BROWN.

J. HAMPDEN JACKSON,

F.R.G.S., F.C.I.S.

ALFRED E. HAWKES, M.D.

THOMAS L. DODDS, J.P.

*Vice-President :*

JOHN W. THOMPSON, B.A.

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F.R.Hist.S.

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L.D.S. (Eng.).

W. LYON BLEASE, LL.M.

Rev. E. HICKS, D.D.,

D.C.L.

Mrs. JAMES T. FOARD.

BERTRAM B. BENAS, B.A.,

LL.B.

W. J. B. ASHLEY.

HARRY WINTER.

## ORDINARY MEMBERS

ON THE SOCIETY'S ROLL AT THE CLOSE OF THE 101st SESSION.

---

*Life Members are marked with an asterisk (\*).**Associates are marked with a dagger (†).*

---

- †Oct. 9, 1911 Abraham, T. Fell, 53 *Bidston-road, Oxton*  
 Oct. 9, 1911 Albrecht, Frank, *Brooklea, Ledsham, Cheshire*  
 Nov. 8, 1909 Allen, Edward, M.Inst.C.E., *Glentruan, Aigburth-road*  
 Nov. 8, 1909 Anderson, A. H., 9 *Sandon-street*  
 Nov. 9, 1908 Ashley, W. J. B., 32 *Green Lawn, Rock Ferry*  
 Nov. 13, 1876 Ball, Geo. Henry, 15 *Gambier-terrace, Hope-street*  
 Nov. 22, 1909 Barrell, W. J., LL.B., 14 *Harrington-street*  
 Oct. 28, 1907 Benas, Bertram B., B.A., LL.B., 4 *Wason-chambers, Harrington-street*  
 Dec. 10, 1866 Benas, Baron Louis, J.P., 5 *Princes-avenue, EX-PRESIDENT*  
 Jan. 9, 1882 Benas, Phineas A., 5 *Princes-avenue*  
 Oct. 9, 1911 Benington, Geo. M., 59 *Newsham-drive*  
 †Oct. 23, 1911 Biggs, Miss M. W., 5 *Park-way, Princes-road*  
 Nov. 8, 1909 Black, John, 25 *Alexandra-drive, Princes-park*  
 †Nov. 13, 1911 Blakiston, Miss L., B.A., Lond., *Gresford, Pilch-lane, Knotty Ash*  
 Oct. 9, 1905 Blease, W. Lyon, LL.M., *Croxteth-road, Sefton-park*  
 Oct. 7, 1895 Bramwell, Miss, Eye and Ear Infirmary, *Myrtle-street*  
 †Oct. 9, 1911 Bremner, Miss L. H., 37 *Rock-park, Rock Ferry*

- †Oct. 9, 1911 Bremner, Miss H. C., 37 *Rock-park, Rock Ferry*
- †Oct. 8, 1906 Brookfield, Samuel, 18 *Eaton-road, Cressington*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Brookfield, Mrs. S., 18 *Eaton-road, Cressington*
- Oct. 31, 1892 Brown, A. Theodore, *The Nunnery, St. Michael's Hamlet*, EX-PRESIDENT
- †Oct. 23, 1911 Brown, Oswald E., 3 *Aigburth-vale*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Burrell, Miss C., 53 *Huskisson-street*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Burrell, Miss A., 53 *Huskisson-street*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Burton, John T., F.C.I.S., 10 *Ormeston-road, New Brighton*
- Oct. 1, 1894 Candlin, W. J., 48 *Prussia-road, Hoylelake*
- Oct. 3, 1910 Capon, Robt. M., L.D.S., 49a *Rodney-street*
- Oct. 25, 1909 Capstick, Edward, *Alexandra-road, New Brighton*
- Dec. 20, 1909 Cook, Kenneth, F.C.A., *African-house, 6 Water-street*, HON. SECRETARY
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Davis, Miss G. Tank, *Hahnemann Hospital, Hope-street*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Dickinson, Mrs. Edw. H., 2 *Grove-park*
- Feb. 10, 1908 Dodds, Thomas L., J.P., *Charlesville, Birkenhead*, EX-PRESIDENT
- Nov. 28, 1892 Douglas, Robert R., *Oaklands, Grassendale*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Dowdall, Thos., 12 *Thorburn-road, New Ferry*
- Nov. 18, 1889 Duncan, W. A., *Great Charlotte-street*
- Nov. 14, 1887 Eastley, Richard, 8 *Sandford-crescent, Chelston, Torquay*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Edwards, Mrs. S., *Warren-drive, New Brighton*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 English, Miss H. S., 15 *Gambier-terrace*
- Oct. 14, 1907 Foard, Mrs., 21 *Lancaster-road, Birkdale*
- Oct. 29, 1888 Forster, Walter P., 17 *Tarleton-street*
- Nov. 13, 1911 Friedeberg, Rev. S., B.A., 6 *Croxeth-grove, Sefton-park*

- Oct. 9, 1911 Gardner, Joseph, J.P., *Uplands, Blundellsands*
- Oct. 23, 1911 Gardner, Willoughby, F.L.S., F.R.G.S., F.E.S., *Deganwy, N. Wales*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Gill, Geo. Morris, *Willaston, Chester*
- \*Dec. 12, 1892 Gladstone, Robert, Jun., B.C.L., M.A., *Vale-road, Woolton*
- Oct. 29, 1877 Green, Robt. Frederick, 66 *Whitechapel*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Hamilton, Augustus, 14 *Hartington-road*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Hamilton, Mrs. Augustus, 14 *Hartington-road*
- Oct. 17, 1892 Harley, George, 1 *Water-street*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Hartley, Miss Eliz., 19 *Brookdale-road*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Hawke, Mrs. Mary Eliz., *Crosslands, 7 Arundel-avenue*
- Oct. 1, 1894 Hawkes, Alfred E., M.D., 3a *Gainsborough-road, Ex-PRESIDENT*
- Oct. 25, 1909 Hemingway, John, 1 *Meadowcroft-road, Wallasey*
- Nov. 26, 1906 Hicks, Rev. E., D.D., *The Vicarage, Fairfield*
- †Nov. 13, 1905 Hickson, Miss Mary, *Claughton Firs, Oxton*
- †Nov. 27, 1911 Holt, J. G., 17 *Seafield-drive, New Brighton*
- Oct. 23, 1911 Howroyd, Richard R., *Fairlawn, Huyton*
- Mar. 10, 1879 Hughes, John W., *Allerton*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Hunter, John A., *Cap Martin, The Serpentine, Blundellsands*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Hunter, Mrs., *Cap Martin, The Serpentine, Blundellsands*
- Oct. 9, 1911 Hutchinson, S. Mason, J.P., *The Marfords, Bromborough*
- Oct. 9, 1911 Hutchinson, Mrs., *The Marfords, Bromborough*
- Jan. 27, 1908 Jackson, Miss E. M., L.R.A.M., *Westdene, New Brighton*
- Oct. 4, 1897 Jackson, J. Hampden, F.R.G.S., F.C.I.S., *Westdene, New Brighton, Ex-PRESIDENT*
- Nov. 22, 1909 Jackson, Mrs., *Westdene, New Brighton*



- †Nov. 13, 1911 Johanning, Henry J., 146 *Princes-road*  
 †Nov. 13, 1911 Johanning, Miss Annie, 146 *Princes-road*  
 †Nov. 13, 1911 Johanning, Miss Edith, 146 *Princes-road*  
 Jan. 24, 1910 Johnson, Miss H. M., 17 *Rutland-avenue, Sefton-park*  
 April 29, 1889 Jones, Morris P., J.P., *Airlie House, Hoylake*  
 Oct. 3, 1910 Khodadad, Rev. K. E., 26 *Loudon-grove, Princes-park*  
 Oct. 3, 1910 Khodadad, Mrs., 26 *Loudon-grove, Princes-park*  
 Jan. 21, 1901 Lee, Chas. George, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., 11 *Princes-avenue*  
 \*Dec. 11, 1871 Leigh, Richmond, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., *Reitz, Orange River Colony, S. Africa*  
 Feb. 14, 1910 MacLean, H. C., LL.M., 8 *Harrington-street*  
 Oct. 3, 1910 Marsden, R. Sydney, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., M.R.I.A., 6 *Cearns-road, Birkenhead*  
 Oct. 30, 1882 McMaster, Col. John Maxwell, V.D., 19 *Castle-street, HON. TREASURER*  
 Nov. 8, 1909 McMillan, Miss E., 8 *Fernwood-road, Aig-burth*  
 Nov. 17, 1873 Mellor, James, *Weston, Blundellsands*  
 March 14, 1910 Morris, Edward E., 18 *Parkfield-road, S.*  
 March 14, 1910 Morris, Miss Anne Gladys, 18 *Parkfield-road, S.*  
 March 6, 1882 Morton, George Henry, 14 *Grove-park*  
 †Oct. 9, 1911 Motyer, Miss Beatrice, 36 *Carlton-road, New Brighton*  
 \*Oct. 21, 1867 Muspratt, Edmund K., Ph.D., J.P., *Seaforth Hall, Seaforth*  
 Nov. 26, 1900 Narramore, Edward G., L.D.S., Eng., 39 *Canning-street*  
 †Oct. 9, 1911 Narramore, Mrs. E. G., 39 *Canning-street*  
 Oct. 1, 1894 Nevins, J. Ernest, M.B., Lond., 32 *Princes-avenue*

- Nov. 2, 1896 Newton, Alfred William, M.A., 2 *Princes-gate West*, HON. LIBRARIAN
- Oct. 23, 1911 Nickson, Mrs. M., 6 *Rock-lane West, Rock Ferry*
- Nov. 2, 1885 Oulton, William, J.P., *Hillside, Gateacre, and Albert-buildings, 22 Preesons-row*
- Nov. 24, 1910 Parkes, Albert Edward, 15 *Welfield-place, Dingle*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Petter, Miss E., 33 *Belmont-road*
- Nov. 4, 1861 Philip, Thomas D., *Weldon, Bidston*
- Nov. 8, 1909 Raffalovich, Rev. I., 12 *Selborne-street*
- Nov. 28, 1910 Raw, Nathan, M.D., 66 *Rodney-street*
- \*Nov. 17, 1851 Redish, Joseph Carter, *Lyceum, Bold-street*
- Oct. 31, 1881 Rennie, J. W., 38 *Castle-road, Liscard*
- Oct. 25, 1909 Richardson, R. D., 82 *Devonshire-road, Princes-park*
- †Nov. 24, 1910 Roberts, H. A., 19 *Halkyn-avenue*
- Jan. 23, 1911 Robson, Miss Winifred F., 37 *Ivanhoe-road, Sefton-park*
- \*Mar. 25, 1912 Rothschild, Hon. Walter, Director Zoological Museum, Tring, Herts.
- †Oct. 23, 1911 Rowlands, Mrs. F. V., 58 *Hope-street*
- Oct. 15, 1894 Rutherford, Arthur, B.A., 41 *Castle-street*
- Nov. 12, 1883 Rutherford, William Watson, M.P. (Messrs. Rutherfords), 41 *Castle-street*
- Dec. 12, 1892 Rye, Miss Ellen L., *Bedford College, Bedford-street*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Sears, Miss Annie, 28 *Onslow-road, Fairfield*
- March 19, 1866 Sephton, Rev. John, M.A., 90 *Huskisson-street*
- Oct. 15, 1883 Sephton, Mrs., 90 *Huskisson-street*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Shadbolt, Mrs. L. P., 56 *Balliol-road, Bootle*
- Oct. 18, 1897 Shelley, Roland J. A., F.R.Hist.S., *Denbie House, Formby, Lancashire*
- Oct. 31, 1898 Sims, Rev. W. E., A.K.C.L., *The Vicarage Aigburth*, EX-PRESIDENT
- Nov. 2, 1903 Sims, Mrs. W. E., *The Vicarage, Aigburth*

- April 4, 1870 Smith, James, 37 *North John-street*  
 Feb. 23, 1863 Smith, J. Simm, 4 *Bramley-hill, Croydon*  
 Nov. 8, 1909 Stephenson, William, 17 *Pembroke-place*  
 Oct. 12, 1908 Stuart F. Ronald, *Drummoyne, Blundellsands*  
 Oct. 25, 1909 Sykes, B. C., 12 *Devonshire-road, Princes-park*  
 †Oct. 10, 1904 Symes, Chas., Ph.D., 53 *Canning-street*  
 Oct. 4, 1897 Thomas, His Honour Judge, LL.D., B.A., 41  
     *Lilley-road, Fairfield*  
 Oct. 21, 1878 Thompson, J. W., B.A., Lond. and Victoria,  
     *Hazel-bank, Freshfield*  
 Nov. 24, 1910 Weightman, Edward J., 29 *Sheil-road*  
 Nov. 30, 1896 Wesley, Rev. Edmund Alfred, M.A., 58  
     *Grove-street, PRESIDENT*  
 Nov. 4, 1901 Wesley, Mrs., 58 *Grove-street*  
 April 1, 1901 Wilberforce, Prof. L. R., M.A., 5 *Ashfield-*  
     *road, Aigburth*  
 †Oct. 9, 1911 Williams, Miss Annie, 13 *Radstock-road,*  
     *Elm-park*  
 Oct. 11, 1909 Winter, Harry, 30 and 32 *Moorfields*  
 †Nov. 8, 1909 Wright, Miss, 29 *Greenheys-road, Princes-*  
     *park*  
 †Nov. 8, 1909 Wright, Miss M. T., 29 *Greenheys-road,*  
     *Princes-park*

## HONORARY MEMBERS.

LIMITED TO FIFTY.

- 1.—1870 Lord Avebury, F.R.S., 2 *St. James's-square, London*
- 2.—1870 Professor Sir Henry E. Roscoe, F.R.S., etc., Owens College, *Manchester*
- 3.—1870 The Rev. Christian D. Ginsburg, LL.D., *Oakthorpe, Palmers Green, Middlesex*, EX-PRESIDENT
- 4.—1877 The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, F.R.S., Foreign Secretary of R.A.S., etc., 2 *Cavendish-square, London, W.*
- 5.—1877 Albert C. L. Günther, M.A., M.D., Ph.D., F.R.S., *Kew*
- 6.—1877 Dr. Leidy, Academy of Science, *Philadelphia*
- 7.—1877 Dr. Franz Steindachner, Royal and Imperial Museum, *Vienna*
- 8.—1897 Henry Longuet Higgins, 75 *Gunterstone-road, West Kensington, London, W.*
- 9.—1899 Rev. G. H. Rendall, M.A., Litt.D., *Charterhouse School, Godalming*, EX-PRESIDENT
- 10.—1901 Rev. Walter Willam Skeat, Litt.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Ph.D., Professor of Anglo-Saxon, Cambridge, since 1878, 2 *Salisbury Villas, Cambridge*
- 11.—1903 Edward Davies, F.C.S., F.I.C., 28 *Chapel-street*, EX-PRESIDENT
- 12.—1908 William Carter, M.D., B.Sc., LL.B., Lond., F.R.C.P., Lond., *Deganwy, N. Wales*, EX-PRESIDENT
- 13.—1908 Sir Edward R. Russell, *Victoria-street*, EX-PRESIDENT
- 14.—1911 Hugh Reynolds Rathbone, J.P., *Oakwood, Aigburth*

- 15.—1911 Right Rev. Francis James Chavasse, D.D., LL.D.,  
M.A., *The Palace, Abercromby-square*
- 16.—1911 Right Rev. Wm. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., D.C.L.,  
D.Litt., 14 *Wilton-street, London, S.W.*
- 17.—1911 Right Rev. Charles Wm. Stubbs, D.D., M.A., *Lis  
Escop, Truro*
- 18.—1911 Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, P.C., K.C., M.P.,  
LL.D., *Irish Office, Old Queen-street,  
London, S.W.*
- 19.—1911 Sir Dyce Duckworth, Bart., M.D., F.R.C.P., LL.D.,  
28 *Grosvenor-place, London, S.W.*
- 20.—1911 Sir Donald MacAlister, K.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D.,  
M.D., M.A., B.Sc., F.R.C.P., F.R.G.S.,  
*University of Glasgow*
- 21.—1911 Sir Alfred Wm. Winterslow Dale, M.A., LL.D.,  
J.P., *University of Liverpool*
- 22.—1911 Sir Walter Raleigh, K.C.B., M.A., Prof. of English  
Litt., *Oxford*
- 23.—1911 William Watson, LL.D., *Devonshire Club, St.  
James's, S.W.*
- 24.—1911 Mrs. Mary Augusta Ward, *Stocks, Tring*
- 25.—1911 Professor John MacCunn, M.A., LL.D., *Ben Cruash  
Lodge, Tarbet, Loch Lomond*
- 26.—1911 Professor Wm. Abbot Herdman, D.Sc., F.L.S.,  
F.R.S., *Croxteth Lodge, Liverpool*
- 27.—1911 Richard Caton, M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P., J.P., *Holly  
Lea, Livingston-drive South, Liverpool*
- 28.—1911 Miss Jessie Macgregor, 12 *Chalcot-gardens, Eaton-  
avenue, London, N.W.*
- 29.—1911 Rev. John Bennet Lancelot, M.A., *Liverpool Col-  
lege, Sefton Park, Liverpool*
- 30.—1912 Right Hon. Edward George Villiers Stanley, P.C.,  
G.C.V.O., C.B., D.L., 17th Earl of Derby,  
*Knowsley, Prescot*
- 31.—1912 Sir Oliver Joseph Lodge, M.Sc., F.R.S., D.Sc.,  
LL.D., M.I.E.E., *Mariemont, Edgbaston*

- 32.—1912 Sir Wm. Martin Conway, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.G.S.,  
*Allington Castle, Maidstone*
- 33.—1912 Sir Wm. Bower Forwood, D.L., J.P., *Bromborough  
Hall, Cheshire*
- 34.—1912 Henry Jevons, J.P., 196 *Grove-street, Liverpool*
- 35.—1912 Andrew Commins, A.M., LL.D., *The Grange,  
Bankfield-road, West Derby*
- 36.—1912 Stuart Deacon, B.A., LL.B., J.P., *Gorse Cliff,  
New Brighton*
- 37.—1912 Henry Duckworth, F.L.S., F.R.G.S., F.G.S., J.P.,  
*Grey Friars, Chester*
- 38.—1912 Professor Andrew Cecil Bradley, LL.D., Litt.D.,  
M.A., 9 *Edwards-square, Kensington, W.*
- 39.—1912 Professor Edward Jenks, B.C.L., M.A., 9 *Old-  
square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.*



# LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF LIVERPOOL.

Dr.

HONORARY TREASURER'S STATEMENT—SESSION 1910-11.

Gr.

1909-10.		1910-11.	
RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
Balance as per Statement	43 1 9	Rent	12 0 0
Subscriptions;—		Printer (Marples) £25, £22/16/8; Dinner—£2/17/7, £3/16/2	54 10 5
64 at £1/1/0	£67 4 0	Refreshments (Ellick)	13 3 0
19 at 10/6	9 19 6	Mrs. Ellick—Search for missing Volumes	2 0 0
Arrears	77 3 6	Miss Gelbert—Typing	1 0 0
Sale of Volumes	3 13 6	Do. Postages	1 3 9
Dr. A. E. Hawkes—Extra Printing	1 12 10	Carriage Parcel to Natural History Museum, New York	0 1 2
Interest allowed by Bank	1 10 0	C. W. & F. N. Black for Pianist at Dinner	0 15 0
	0 19 0	W. H. Tonkinson—Lantern	2 2 0
		J. H. Jackson, Esq.—Postages, 14/5; Typing, 5/6; Printing, 1/6; Post Cards, 10/-; Adelphi, 21/-	2 12 8
		W. J. B. Ashley, Esq.—Postages on Circulars	9 13 8
		J. H. Jackson, Esq.—Volumes, Postages, &c.	4 9 6
		Lee & Nightingale—Cards, &c., <i>re</i> John Mellor, deceased	0 6 9
		Cheque Book	0 1 0
		Hon. Treasurer's Expenses—Postages, 7/-; Col-lector's Commission, &c., 18/3	1 5 3
		Hon. Secretary's Expenses	1 1 7
		Balance in Bank	£20 13 10
		Cheque in hand	1 1 0
			21 14 10
			£128 0 7

*Audited and found correct,*

EDWARD G. NARRAMORE.  
J. W. RENNIE.



# PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

## LIVERPOOL

### LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

---

ONE HUNDREDTH SESSION, 1910-11.

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ROYAL INSTITUTION, LIVERPOOL.

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#### ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Society was held at the Royal Institution on 3rd October, 1910.

Mr. T. L. Dodds, J.P., President, occupied the chair.

The following Report of the retiring Council was read and adopted :—

#### REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

The Council have much satisfaction in reporting that the Ninety-ninth Session of the Literary and Philosophical Society has been upon the whole a successful one, and the membership has considerably increased.

During the Session eleven Ordinary Meetings have been held, including the Annual Meeting, on which occasion the President (Dr. Hawkes) delivered, before a large gathering, a scholarly and interesting address entitled “An Hour with Virgil.”

The papers read during the Session were of great variety and interest, and fully sustained the best traditions of the Society.

To the Rev. W. E. Sims, His Honour Judge Thomas,

Professors J. Fitzmaurice Kelly and T. Witton Davies, Dr. J. W. Ellis, Mr. W. J. B. Ashley, Mrs. Foard, Dr. Charles G. Lee, Mr. Baron L. Benas, and Mr. Alfred W. Newton, M.A., the members of the Society are greatly indebted for the pleasure and information derived from listening to their various addresses.

Two papers of exceptional value (and which the Council had selected) cannot appear in the printed *Proceedings* of the Society owing to their manuscripts having been mislaid by the writers.

The average attendance during the Session has been 44. The Council trust that during the forthcoming Session this number will be considerably increased.

An effort has been made, and is still in progress, to gather together the material for a history and complete roll of the Society, and to compile an index to its entire 65 volumes of *Proceedings*.

The investigations of Messrs. J. Hampden Jackson and A. W. Newton (to whom the Society is greatly indebted for much work already done towards both these objects) have issued in interesting preliminary reports, and are being diligently continued.

Any information given by members for the assistance of these gentlemen will be welcomed.

The Society has suffered a great loss by the death of that eminent chemist, Professor J. Campbell Brown, D.Sc., F.C.S., whose membership with us dated from 1869. During the Session we have also lost by death one of our most famous members, Rev. W. H. Dallinger, LL.D., F.R.S., whose membership dated from 1870, and his honorary membership from 1881. From time to time Dr. Dallinger contributed to the *Proceedings* of the Society papers of much scientific value.

It is a matter for satisfaction that our own and one

other (Liverpool) Society first recognised the gifts of this eminent man, and with regret we record that one almost without a rival in the art of popularising scientific subjects has passed away.

The Hon. Treasurer's accounts, which showed a very satisfactory balance at the bank, were submitted, duly audited, and adopted.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. J. W. Thompson, B.A., who had acted as Hon. Treasurer since 1895, for his unfailing devotion to the Society and all its interests.

The officers for the Session were elected as follows:—Vice-President—Dr. J. Ernest Nevins, M.B. Hon. Treasurer—Col. J. M. McMaster, V.D. Hon. Librarian—Mr. A. W. Newton, M.A. (re-elected). Hon. Secretary—Mr. Kenneth Cook, A.C.A. (re-elected).

The following members were elected to serve on the Council in place of three retiring members:—Mr. R. C. Johnson, F.R.A.S., Mr. J. W. Thompson, B.A., and Mr. W. J. B. Ashley.

After a short adjournment, during which tea and coffee were provided, Dr. A. E. Hawkes took the chair, and expressed regret that his period in office had come to an end, and his pleasure in being followed by Mr. T. L. Dodds, J.P.

Mr. T. L. Dodds then assumed the Presidency of the Society, and delivered his address on "Hakluyt, and Voyages of Discovery in Tudor Times."

## ORDINARY MEETINGS.

II. 24th October, 1910. The President, Mr. T. L. Dodds, J.P., occupied the chair. Dr. R. Caton, M.D., LL.D., J.P., read a paper entitled "Monks and Monasteries of the East," which was illustrated by lantern slides taken by the lecturer.

III. 14th November, 1910. The President occupied the chair. Mr. Harry Winter read a paper on "Robert Browning."

IV. 28th November, 1910. The chair was taken by the President. Mr. Arthur Quayle, of the Southport Literary and Philosophical Society, read a paper entitled "Robert Louis Stevenson: the Man and his Message."

V. 12th December, 1910. The President occupied the chair. He referred to the loss sustained by the Society in the death of Mr. R. C. Johnson, F.R.A.S., who had been a member of the Society since 1863, and had frequently contributed papers on astronomical subjects. Mr. W. Lyon Blease, B.A., LL.M., read a paper entitled "The Ethics of Compromise."

VI. 23rd January, 1911. By the invitation of Professor L. R. Wilberforce, M.A. the meeting was held in the George Holt Physics Laboratory of the University of Liverpool. The Professor also kindly entertained the members to tea previous to the meeting. The President occupied the chair, and referred to the loss sustained by the Society by the death of Mrs. Crawford, a valued member, and congratulated the Society on the election of Mr. A. Theodore Brown to the Senate of the University. Professor Wilberforce, then delivered an interesting lecture on "Vibrations and Waves," which was illustrated by numerous experiments.

VII. 13th February, 1911. The chair was taken by the President, who referred with regret to the loss the Society had sustained in the death of Mr. Charles Daly, a member since 1883. The Rev. I. Raffalovich read a paper on "Sects in Ancient Jewry."

VIII. 27th February, 1911. The President first occupied the chair, but afterwards, as he was obliged to leave early, vacated it in favour of Dr. J. Ernest Nevins, the Vice-President. The Rev. E. A. Wesley, M.A., then read his paper on "The Schoolmen."

IX. 13th March, 1911. The President occupied the chair. Mr. J. Hampden Jackson, F.R.G.S., then read Part I of his paper on "Our Society and its Centenary," dealing with the period from the formation in 1812 to the Jubilee in 1862. An exhibition of rare Bibles, very kindly brought by Dr. Hawkes, was shown to the members.

X. 27th March, 1911. The chair was taken by the President. It was proposed by Mr. Richard Steel, J.P., seconded by Mr. A. Theodore Brown, and carried unanimously, that the Rev. E. A. Wesley, M.A., be elected President for the 101st Session of the Society. Professor John Garstang, M.A., then delivered his lecture on "Meröe: the City of the Ethiopians," which dealt with his recent scientific explorations and excavations in the Soudan, and was illustrated by many interesting lantern views.

#### MEMBERS ELECTED DURING SESSION.

Mr. Edgar Wm. Crammond, Mr. Robt. M. Capon, L.D.S., Mr. R. Sydney Marsden, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., M.R.I.T., Dr. C. Williams, Mr. Edward J. Weightman, Mr. Albert Edward Parks, Mr. Joseph D. McFeely, Dr. Dawson, Mr. J. A. Hall, Dr. Nathan Raw, M.D.

## ASSOCIATES ELECTED DURING SESSION.

Rev. K. E. Khodadad, Mrs. Khodadad, Mrs. J. A. Hall, Mr. J. J. C. McFeely, Mr. H. A. Roberts.

The attendances during the Session were as follows :—  
Annual Meeting, 39 ; Ordinary Meetings, 58, 34, 37, 26, 55, 35, 35, 43, 295.

# ONE HUNDRED AND FIRST SESSION, 1911-12.

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ROYAL INSTITUTION, LIVERPOOL.

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## ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Society was held at the Royal Institution, on Monday, 9th October, 1911.

Rev. E. A. Wesley, M.A., President, occupied the chair.

The Hon. Treasurer's Accounts and the following Report of the retiring Council, which had been printed and circulated, were duly adopted:—

## REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

In reporting upon the Society's hundredth Session (1910-11), your Council think it desirable to explain the apparent anomaly of the occurrence at a later period (1911-12) of its Centennial Session. The first Session of the Society—13th March to 13th May, 1812—was of two months' duration only, so that its first twelve months contained two Sessions; thus its hundredth anniversary falls in the hundred and first Session.

During the period now reported upon our membership continued to increase, and at the close of the Session there were 88 members, 10 associates, and 14 honorary members upon the roll.

Unusually inclement weather during October and November spoiled the attendances during those months, but the average throughout the Session reached 65 per meeting.

The Public Dinner was largely attended, and successful

from every point of view, though deprived by accidental circumstances of the presence of Professor Raleigh. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and Pro-Chancellor Alsop of the University were among our guests, and in an able speech of Professor Ramsay Muir the Society was very warmly commended to support.

To Professor and Mrs. Wilberforce we were again indebted for their kindly entertainment and reception at the University on the occasion of his fifth lecture to the Society; and to three non-members (Dr. Caton, Mr. Arthur Quayle, and Professor Garstang) thanks are here recorded for admirable papers read to us during the Session.

Your Council have to record the retirement from office of Mr. John W. Thompson, B.A., to whose watchful fidelity in the Honorary Treasurership for sixteen years the Society has been greatly indebted.

Following the precedent of 1909, a Committee was appointed to deal with the Society's work and interests during the recess (April to August). Its report we have unanimously adopted, and may here sum up as follows:—

## REPORT OF THE RECESS COMMITTEE.

We have held fifteen meetings, and have added to our numbers a Committee of ladies that has done excellent work with us for all the objects in view.

The matters confided to us were (1) Increase of the membership; (2) Preparation for the Centenary; and (3) The Society's general work.

(1) We have prepared and posted a circular to 2,500 selected names among the commercial community, and the Ladies' Committee have issued a similar circular to 1,500 ladies asking for new members.

(2) Adopting the following Commemorative Scheme for the Centenary, we have laid it before 300 former members of



the Society in a circular, as well as before all the present members, inviting their co-operation for its successful carrying out.

### COMMEMORATIVE SCHEME.

- (A) Sessional programme affording opportunities for meeting with old members of the Society, and hearing papers from them.
- (B) Banquet on 13th March, 1912, the foundation anniversary.
- (C) Completion of the volumes of the Society's *Proceedings*, and issue of an index to the whole.
- (D) Publication of a Centennial volume, containing the official roll of the Society from 1812 to 1912, and a retrospect of its history.

(3) For the expenses of the Centenary celebrations we have established a special fund of £100, headed by a £10 donation from Mr. Robert Gladstone, Jun., who has also given us two new boxes for the Society's archives.

By devoted labour on the part of Mr. Alfred W. Newton, we have been already put in possession of the Index to the 62 volumes of *Proceedings*. We propose to publish this separately, in style and size uniform with the volumes.

Another of our Committee (Mr. J. Hampden Jackson) has made out the Society's membership roll for the hundred years, containing 1,450 names, together with a list of all the unprinted papers (1844 to 1911), and of the "Communications" made to the Society during those years.

The Sessional programme we have arranged shows that many former members are participating in the commemoration by contributing lectures, whilst the banquet and the receptions will further assist friendly re-union, and the closing night of the Session will be devoted to a meeting with the learned Societies of the city.

The roll of honorary members contains at present but 14 surviving names, and the Centennial year seems an opportune occasion to extend the list. Our search for relatives of Dr. Thomas Stewart Traill (the originator of the Society) has been unsuccessful, but we propose at the head of our list Mr. Hugh Reynolds Rathbone—a grandson of Richard Rathbone, one

of our principal founders—and the following names thereafter:—

Rt. Rev. Dr. Francis J. Chavasse, Lord Bishop of Liverpool.

Vice-Chancellor Sir Alfred W. W. Dale, M.A., LL.D.,  
Principal of the University of Liverpool.

William Watson, LL.D.

Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, P.C., M.P., LL.D.

Rt. Rev. Dr. Wm. Boyd Carpenter, Lord Bishop of Ripon.

Rt. Rev. Dr. Charles W. Stubbs, Lord Bishop of Truro.  
Sir Dyce Duckworth, Bart., M.D.

Vice-Chancellor Sir Donald MacAlister, K.C.B., D.C.L.,  
Principal of the University of Glasgow.

Professor Sir Walter Raleigh, M.A.

Mrs. Mary Augusta Ward (Mrs. Humphry Ward).

Miss Jessie Macgregor.

Professor William A. Herdman, D.Sc., F.R.S.

Professor John MacCunn, M.A., LL.D.

Richard Caton, M.D., F.R.C.P., J.P.

Rev. Principal John B. Lancelot, M.A.

If these names be all added there will remain 20 vacancies that we suggest may be filled up at the close of the Centennial Session.

It has been found that during the lapse of 100 years the Society's official records have frequently suffered carelessness and neglect, tending to lessen their value, and, although favoured with excellent officers at present and in recent years, the Society should (we think) take this opportunity to establish some systematic standard by which their successors may know its requirements in regard to regular data for the Minute Books. We propose, further, that the official roll of the Society be re-commenced next Session under conditions that may ensure its permanent maintenance. The long neglect and ultimate entire loss of this historical document cannot be too much regretted.

We think also that some arrangement, such as formerly existed, should be reverted to for ensuring fuller press reports of the many valuable papers and discussions at this Society.

Your Council having nearly all been identified with the Recess Committee and its report, refrain from dwelling upon the work it has achieved. No delicacy prevents them, however, from acknowledging, with warm thanks, the active co-operation of those lady members who have aided them in achieving it, or the special labours of Mr. Alfred Newton and Mr. Jackson referred to in the report. To Mr. W. J. B. Ashley, joint Secretary with Mr. Jackson in the work of the Committee, the thanks of the Council are due.

The decease of Mr. Richard Cardwell Johnson, F.R.A.S., whose frequent lectures and official services to the Society were so highly valued, will long be felt. A member for 48 years (diligently attending the Society's Council for over 25 of these), Mr. Johnson was Honorary Treasurer from 1872 to 1883, and Vice-President from 1890 to 1897 and 1907 to 1909. On three occasions he had been pressed to accept the Presidency of the Society, but his simple and retiring disposition shrank from all honours of the kind. A ready and precise speaker, he had not during recent years interposed much in our discussions, reserving himself for points touching his favourite science of astronomy, in which life-long study and observation had rendered him very learned.

Another death, severely felt, has been that of Mr. John Mellor, a member of the Council, whose 37 years' association with the Society, and constant heartiness of support and regularity of attendance are gratefully remembered.

Further losses befell us during the year in the deaths of Mrs. Crawford and Mr. Charles Daly, the latter a member of 28 years' standing.

The officers for the Session were elected as follows:— Vice-President—Mr. J. W. Thompson, B.A. Hon. Treasurer—Col. J. M. McMaster, V.D. Hon. Secretary—Mr.

Kenneth Cook, F.C.A. Hon. Librarian—Mr. Alfred W. Newton, M.A.

The following members were elected to serve on the Council in place of three retiring members:—Mrs. James T. Foard, Mr. James Mellor, and Mr. Harry Winter.

An adjournment was made to the Picture Galleries, where the members were received by the President and Mrs. Wesley.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the Right Hon. and Mrs. S. Mason Hutchinson, who had just been elected members of the Society, were also present, and tea and coffee were provided.

On the resumption of business a very hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mr. T. L. Dodds, J.P., the retiring President, on the proposition of Mr. J. Hampden Jackson, seconded by Dr. J. Ernest Nevins.

The President then delivered his address on the "Relation of Literature to Philosophy."

### ORDINARY MEETINGS.

II. 23rd October, 1911. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, occupied the chair. Sir W. Martin Conway, M.A. (an old member), read an interesting paper on "Man and Mankind."

III. 13th November, 1911. The President occupied the chair. Mr. J. Hampden Jackson read Part II of his paper on "Our Society and its Centenary," (1863+1912).

IV. 27th November, 1911. The President occupied the chair, and introduced Miss S. J. Hale (a former member), who read a paper entitled "Temper and Temperament." Prior to this meeting a Reception was held by the President and the Ladies' Committee, and at the

close several items of music were well rendered by a Ladies' Quartet under the Misses Barker.

V. 11th December, 1911. The chair was taken by the President, who referred to the loss sustained by the Society in the death of Mr. Alfred Holt, who had for 60 years been a member. Rev. W. E. Sims, A.K.C.L., then read a paper on "William Makepeace Thackeray."

VI. 22nd January, 1912. The President occupied the chair, and referred to the loss sustained by the Society in the deaths of Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, an old honorary member, and Mr. Richard Steel, J.P., a member of the Society since 1878. Dr. E. W. Hope (City Medical Officer of Health), an old member, then gave a most interesting paper on "Some of the Great Sanitary Operations in Liverpool and their Results," illustrated by diagrams and lantern slides.

VII. 12th February, 1912. The chair was taken by the President. Prior to the meeting the President and Mrs. Wesley had received the members, together with the officers and members of the other learned Societies of the city, in the Picture Galleries. The President referred to the anniversary of the meeting of the founders of the Society on the same day 100 years ago, which anniversary was now being celebrated. At the close of the President's address, the following gentlemen congratulated the Society (on the attainment of its Centenary) on behalf of the other Societies represented at the meeting:—Mr. Stuart Deacon, J.P. (the Stipendiary Magistrate of Liverpool), on behalf of the Philomathic Society; Dr. Bailey, on behalf of the Historic Society; Mr. A. Theodore Brown, on behalf of the Royal Institution; Dr. Glynn Whittle, on behalf of the Medical Institution. The meeting then adjourned to the Picture Galleries, where a musical programme was excellently rendered by Mr. Frank Bertrand on the pianoforte.

VIII. 19th February, 1912. The chair was taken by the President, who introduced the Rev. Canon Nevison Loraine, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, an old member, who read a learned and interesting paper on "The Decay and Revival of Learning in Europe, and the Daybreak of English Literature."

IX. 25th March, 1912. The chair was taken by the President. Professor L. R. Wilberforce, M.A., was elected President of the Society for the 102nd Session. The following were unanimously elected honorary members of the Society:—The Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, Sir Oliver Lodge, M.Sc., LL.D., Sir William Martin Conway, M.A., Sir William B. Forwood, D.L., Henry Jevons, J.P., Andrew Commins, LL.D., Stuart Deacon, B.A., LL.B., Henry Duckworth, F.L.S., Professor A. C. Bradley, LL.D., and Professor Jenks, B.C.L., M.A. The President then asked Mr. J. Hampden Jackson to accept a portrait of himself, painted by Mr. R. G. Hinchliffe, in recognition of the very great services he had rendered to the Society in connection with the Centenary. The portrait bore the following inscription:—"Presented to J. Hampden Jackson, Esq., F.R.G.S., by fellow members of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool, in grateful appreciation of his devoted services in connection with the Centenary, 13th March, 1912." Miss Jessie Macgregor (one of the first two lady members of the Society) read a most interesting paper on "Venice and her Painters," illustrated by lantern slides.

#### MEMBERS ELECTED DURING SESSION.

The Right Hon. S. Mason Hutchinson, J.P. (Lord Mayor of Liverpool), Mrs. Hutchinson (the Lady Mayoress), Mr. Joseph Gardner, J.P., Mr. George M. Benington, Mr. Richard R. Howroyd, Mr. Willoughby Gardner, F.L.S.,

F.R.G.S., F.G.S., Mrs. M. Nickson, Rev. S. Friedeberg, B.A., the Hon. Walter Rothschild, Mr. Frank Albrecht.

ASSOCIATES ELECTED DURING SESSION.

Mrs. Seymour Spencer, Mr. George Morris Gill, Mrs. Edward H. Dickinson, Mr. John T. Burton, F.C.I.S., Mr. Augustus Hamilton, Mrs. Hamilton, Miss E. Petter, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Hawke, Mr. Thomas Dowdall, Miss Annie Williams, Mr. T. Fell Abraham, Miss Elizabeth Hartley, Mr. John A. Hunter, Miss Annie Sears, Miss G. Tank Davis, Miss L. H. Bremner, Miss H. C. Bremner, Mrs. Edward G. Narramore, Mrs. S. Brookfield, Miss C. Burrell, Miss A. Burrell, Miss Beatrice Motyer, Miss M. W. Biggs, Mrs. F. V. Rowlands, Mr. Oswald E. Brown, Miss L. Blakiston, B.A., Mr. Henry J. Johanning, Miss Annie Johanning, Miss Edith Johanning, Mr. J. G. Holt, Mrs. G. W. Edwards, Miss Francis Ivens, Mrs. Shadbolt, Miss H. S. English.

The attendances during the Session were as follows:—  
Annual Meeting, 106; Ordinary Meetings, 187, 63, 110, 94, 91, 152, 78, 175.





PROCEEDINGS  
AT THE  
CENTENNIAL BANQUET  
OF THE SOCIETY,

HELD IN LIVERPOOL ON WEDNESDAY, 13TH MARCH, 1912.

THE PRESIDENT:

REV. EDMUND ALFRED WESLEY, M.A.,  
IN THE CHAIR.

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To celebrate the attainment of the First Centenary of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool, a Banquet was held on Wednesday, 13th March, 1912, at the Adelphi Hotel in that city, the President of the year (Rev. Edmund Alfred Wesley, M.A.), occupying the chair, and, assisted by Mrs. Wesley, receiving the company on their arrival.

Among 165 past and present members (and their guests) attending were the following (non-members being printed in *italic*):—

*At the President's Table*:—Rev. E. A. Wesley, *Lady Duckworth*, The Deputy Lord Mayor of Liverpool (Dr. Andrew Commins), Mrs. Wesley, Sir Dyce Duckworth, Bart., *Mrs. Hugh Rathbone*, Rev. Dr. Gerald H. Rendall, *Mrs. Commins*, His Honor Judge A. P. Thomas, *Mrs. Hope*, Sir Robert A. Hampson, Mrs. Sephton, Professor W. A. Herdman, Mrs. R. Topham Steele, Hugh R. Rathbone, Esq., *Mrs. Thomas*, Professor E. W. Wilberforce, Dr. Richard Caton, Mrs. J. T. Foard, Dr. Edward W. Hope

(City Medical Officer of Health), Mrs. Khodadad, Alfred W. Newton, Esq., Miss H. M. Johnson.

*At the Vice-President's Table : (D) :—*John W. Thompson, Esq., Mrs. Thompson, A. E. Jacob, Esq., T. L. Dodds, Esq., and Mrs. Dodds, G. E. Martindale, Esq., and Mrs. Martindale, F. C. Beazley, Esq., Baron L. Benas, Esq., Bertram B. Benas, Esq., Rev. Wm. E. Sims and Mrs. Sims, Rev. Dr. Edward Hicks, R. J. A. Shelley, Esq., and Miss Shelley.

*At Table (A) :—*J. Hampden Jackson, Esq., and Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. J. Parke Jackson, The Misses Jackson, Albert E. Brockbank, Esq., Mrs. J. B. McAllister, R. G. Hinchliffe, Esq., and Mrs. Hinchliffe, Albert E. Parks, Esq., Mrs. H. R. Hodgson.

*At Table (B) :—*Kenneth Cook, Esq., and Mrs. Cook, Mrs. G. H. Morton, E. Morton, Esq., Edward E. Morris, Esq., and Miss A. G. Morris, H. W. Hodgson, Esq., Miss W. F. Robson, T. Dowdall, Esq., and Mrs. Dowdall, R. Everitt, Esq., and Mrs. Everitt, Mrs. Hawke, Miss Hartley, J. T. Burton, Esq., G. M. Gill, Esq., R. R. Howroyd, Esq.

*At Table (C) :—*A. Theodore Brown, Esq., and Miss Louie Brown, Miss Dawson, James Tyson, Esq., P. W. Atkin, Esq., and Miss Atkin, Ernest Banks, Esq., Miss Jessie Noble, W. F. Watson, Esq., Miss Meister, Dr. John Sampson, J. Graham Kenion, Esq., James Mellor, Esq., and the Misses Mellor, P. F. Corkhill, Esq., Miss Couper, Dr. Wm. Carter, Dr. C. J. Macalister, Willoughby Gardner, Esq.

*At Table (E) :—*Dr. J. Ernest Nevins and Miss Nevins, Rev. J. B. Lancelot, John Lea, Esq., G. H. Ball, Esq., Miss English, Dr. H. Harvey, Colonel J. M. McMaster and Mrs. McMaster, Dr. Nathan Raw, Mrs. C. J. Macalister, Dr. J. E. Gemmell and Mrs. Gemmell, Dr. J. Lloyd Roberts

and *Mrs. Roberts, C. J. Andersson, Esq.*, and *Mrs. Andersson, Arthur Evans, Esq.*, and *Mrs. Evans, G. P. Newbolt, Esq.*, and *Mrs. Newbolt*.

*At Table (F):*—*Dr. A. E. Hawkes and Mrs. Hawkes, T. Cook, Esq.*, and *Mrs. Cook, Col. Wainwright and Mrs. Wainwright, Gerald W. Rawlins, Esq.*, and *Mrs. Rawlins, R. M. Capon, Esq.*, and *Mrs. Capon, R. F. Green, Esq.*, *F. W. Edwards, Esq.*, *Mark Hinchliffe, Esq.*, *Dr. J. Murray Moore, Dr. McAfee and Miss McAfee, W. P. Forster, Esq.*, *Francis R. Stuart, Esq.*, *J. W. B. Ashley, Esq.*

*At Table (G):*—*E. G. Narramore, Esq.*, and *Mrs. Narramore, H. A. Roberts, Esq.*, *John Hemingway, Esq.*

*At the Press Table:*—Representatives of the *Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury*, *Liverpool Daily Courier*, and of Messrs. Lee & Nightingale.

The elegance of the Banquet-room (in which apartment for many years the Society's public dinners have been held), the tasteful floral decorations and occasional strains of music, added to the pleasantness of a gathering memorable by reason of cherished associations, whilst the great interest of the addresses delivered, the charm imparted by the large attendance of ladies, and the admirable dinner catered for the company by the Adelphi Hotel, combined to leave in the minds of all present the impression of a successful entertainment. For these things, it must be added, the Society was largely indebted to its organizing Committee.

Before each guest at table lay an artistic memento card, with portraits of some of the Society's earliest officials: *Dr. T. Stuart Traill, William Rathbone, Dr. John Bostock, Joseph Brooks Yates, and William Roscoe*. The names of the 16 founders occupied the first page, those of the 55 members first enrolled were at the back, and

the Toast List and Menu occupied the inner pages. A tastefully printed little pamphlet, with selections from letters received by the Committee from former members was enclosed, giving a list also of the contributors to the Centennial Fund.

The toast of

“THE KING”

was proposed from the chair, and accorded musical honours.

The President then said:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

It has much grieved us all that illness has deprived the Society to-night of the presence of our revered member, the Lord Bishop of Truro. We had hoped too to have with us to-night the Lord Bishop of Liverpool and Vice-Chancellor Sir Alfred Dale, but both have been unavoidably prevented from attending. The disturbance of railway traffic, through the coal strike, has also made it impossible for quite a number of old and attached members of the Society to be in the places they had taken here, and, among others, our cordial supporter, Mr. W. Watson Rutherford, M.P., who has expressed in a letter just received his great disappointment at this mishap. Since the responses to our first circular of the Dinner came in, more than one of our old members who had taken seats for this Banquet has been called away by death: Mr. Alfred Holt, who joined so far back as 1852, and remained a member for nearly 60 years; Mr. Richard Steel, who joined in 1878, was president in 1873 and 1874, and a member for 34 years; Mr. Henry Young (1874); and Mr. Thomas Gibson (1867)—all these died but a month or two ago.

Distinguished Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen,—It is my privilege now to propose to you the health of the Deputy Lord Mayor (Alderman Dr. Andrew Commins), an old and honoured member of our Society, attending on behalf of the

Earl of Derby (the Lord Mayor of Liverpool), who is this week away from the city. In proposing this toast, it is pleasant to recall that one of our founders, William Wallace Currie, was the first Mayor of Liverpool after the passing of the Municipal Reform Act of 1834. Two other founders, William Rathbone and David Hodgson, were Mayors of the town in 1837 and 1845 respectively, and since that early period the roll of the Society has recorded the names of nine more Mayors and seven Lord Mayors of Liverpool, all of whom were more or less active members with us in their time, contributing papers and assisting in our discussions. Some eight Presidents of the Chamber of Commerce, and 59 Aldermen and Councillors of the City, too, have been members of this Society, and we welcome the presence with us to-night of Sir Robert Hampson, Dr. Caton, and Mr. John Lea, all of whom have occupied the Civic Chair. The city, you see, has been associated with the higher aspirations of Liverpool in a remarkable way. I think the Mayors and Lord Mayors have set a very good example to their successors in the century that lies before us, an example of sympathy with the literary, artistic and philosophical activities of the people. (Applause). A splendid proof that the leaders of city life are convinced the call to other pursuits than those of commerce is worth listening to, is found in the way Mayors and Lord Mayors have rallied round this and similar societies. It was the ambition of Roscoe to make Liverpool a sort of Venice, a centre of art, science, literature and learning. There is no reason why that aspiration should not be fulfilled—(hear, hear)—and I think the time is coming when it will be fulfilled. (Applause). I look upon those efforts recently brought before us to organise dock labour as an indication that the higher thought of Liverpool is about to engage itself on social problems of the utmost importance to the community. But a few years ago, too, Liverpool people were content with a dull, grey monotonous congeries of streets without open spaces or green trees. Now they are scheming

for a city beautiful. New ideas have percolated into a conservative people, slow of thought, content with things as they had been. That attitude of mind was excusable in the untravelling days of the past, when people sat at home, content with the old round of thought and practice. There was a little toy familiar to them all in childhood, the nursery pump—(laughter)—which poured forth an endless stream so long as you worked it, but it was the same water, always the same. How many public speakers we have met whose eloquence reminded us of the hydraulics of the nursery pump!—(laughter)—the same petty round of ideas, the same old arguments, the same old limitations. These men dominated the city far too long. They called themselves practical men, by which they meant men who followed precedents however stupid, did the same thing, thought the same thing, said the same thing year in, year out. A better feeling is coming over the city now. We are beginning to realise that the truly practical man is he who comes to his task with an open and thoughtful mind. (Applause). Liverpool demanded more of its rulers to-day than painful conformity to conventions. The mind of the coming leader will be constructed on more generous lines. It will be like the great lakes from which a modern town draws its water supply. Those lakes are up in the high hills. Every cloud that sweeps across them from the teeming west bears to them fresh supplies, every brook in the hills poured its bright rill into their calm bosom. To such a mind come literature, art, philosophy, science with ever refreshing streams, making it a perennial source of thought and inspiration. It is that type of mind we want to-day; it is that type societies like ours seek out, and, having found, zealously cultivate. (Applause). It is for this reason so many Mayors and Lord Mayors have associated themselves with our Society. They have seen the value of a higher ideal than merely material success, and they have seen the danger in the headlong race for wealth of forgetting those things that really count. (Applause). We have in our Deputy Lord

Mayor a man of learning—(hear, hear)—a man of great distinction—(applause)—a man who in past years has kept up a very high standard in our city. I have therefore no hesitation in looking forward to a very cordial reception of the toast I have now the honour to propose—"THE DEPUTY LORD MAYOR."

Andrew Commins, Esq., A.M., LL.D. (Deputy Lord Mayor), in response, said :—

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

You do me a very high honour in accepting the toast, and coupling it with the name of our Lord Mayor, to whom I have the honour to act as Deputy, and who, had he not been engaged in London, would have been here himself. The Lord Mayor associates himself with the high thought and the important interests of the city, and its (practically) million of inhabitants, and he has higher interests to look after than even the high one of attending a meeting of this kind. This meeting still recognises that he is doing our work, that he is forwarding the interests that we ourselves desire to forward, I therefore thank you on his part for the honour you do him, and assure you that he will continue to associate himself, as some thirty previous Mayors and Lord Mayors have done, with the work of this Society. I have no hesitation in associating him with all that is best and highest in connection with the life of Liverpool, and I have every confidence in saying that, in everything he does, he will have the support of the entire citizens of Liverpool. (Hear, hear). When this Society was inaugurated 100 years ago, the members probably had no idea of the importance which the Society would hold at the end of its first hundred years, and of the influence which it would exercise upon the life and thought of Liverpool. I think we shall be able to promise an even fuller life to the Literary and Philosophical Society in the future by the time it reaches its next centenary than it has filled even in the past. (Hear, hear). I hope

that not only will it run for another century, but that its activities will not be ended at the end of that period, and that it will continue to be the nursery of enlarged thought, of deep sympathy, and of philosophy in the highest sense of that word. (Hear, hear). I therefore, on behalf of the Lord Mayor, thank you for the way you have received his name, and I am sure you will allow me to say that we appreciate the promise he gives on behalf of future Lord Mayors of associating themselves with us, and of helping us in carrying out the ideals of which we are the Apostles. (Applause).

The President, who was cordially received, on rising to propose the toast of

“THE FOUNDERS OF OUR SOCIETY,”

said:—

Mr. Deputy Lord Mayor, Distinguished Guests of the Society, Ladies and Gentlemen.—The toast that I have the honour to propose on this memorable occasion, the actual centenary of the formation of our Society, is “The Founders.” A hundred years seems far away, and in another world to us who live in these congested days, when life is full and brimming over with complexity of duties and distractions. Another world, a quiet land, which, in the surging tide of life, and in the midst of social unrest and party politics, appears wonderfully restful, a land to be desired, a delectable country towards which to turn our tired hearts and eyes. Yet, in truth, the days in which this ship of ours was launched were scarcely less stormy than our own. The troops of Wellington were closing in on fated Badajoz. Napoleon, with a united empire, urging him on, and mighty armies that worshipped his very shadow, was pouring troops into Pomerania, the initial stage of the great Russian campaign, the French army, that of the Confederation of the Rhine, Germans, Poles, Italians, surging onward with their faces turned towards Moscow. Europe was surfeited with glory, devastated with famine, oppressed with intolerable taxation; while England—



little England—seethed with political unrest. Those were times when a jealous government suspected every gathering of men ; days when even dreamy Coleridge and his friend were shadowed—overheard talking, you will remember, of “one Spy Nosey,”\* ominous name ! but in the opinion of the governmental spy were “poor harmless sort of creatures.” It was in such times of danger and suspicion that a little band of merchants and professional men met in a room in the Lyceum to draft rules for a society for “the promotion of Literature and Science generally, and to modify the local tendency to the pursuit of commerce exclusively.” Picture them around the green table, in the dim lamp light of that far away time, portly men, clad in genteel brown or dark blue, or that lost colour—invisible green ; coats with great roll collars, large buttons, frilled shirts—puffed out like turkeys—knee breeches, shoes with silver buckles. Men with serious care-worn faces, who had borne the stress of life—Theophilus Houlbrooke, President ; Dr. John Bostock, later on Vice-President of the Royal Society ; Dr. Thomas Stewart Traill yet to be Professor in the University of Edinburgh, and Editor of the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. But all their honoured names are before you. One name omitted, Roscoe, to join later. The words they spoke, the rules they drafted, they are all recorded in the Minutes, now happily recovered after long interment in an unknown grave, a black box in a lawyer’s office. (Laughter). Yes, we know all that, but who shall recall their personality, who shall make them live again ? Nay, what is it makes them live in memory at all ? Not their wealth, the very records of that, in the old ledgers kept with scrupulous care, in fine Italian hand, with great superfluity of naughts, have perished long ago ; not their ships, some cast away on distant shores, all vanished and gone, broken up into waste timber, sawn in logs for fires, gone like the sparks up the chimney ; not their little social successes, their fleeting triumphs in trade, in council chamber, or

\* Espinosa.

at their tedious dinners. No, they are not remembered for such things as those, things that men to-day by the thousand reckon the all-in-all of life. For these are all swept into oblivion. We remember them to-night because, like us, they turned from the fleeting to things that endure, to literature, to science, to art, to philosophy. (Applause). Thought alone lasts, imperishable, the most seemingly evanescent and transitory of things. What do we know of Thales, Empedocles, Heraclitus? Were they grave or gay, handsome or deformed, rich or poor? Who cares after all these centuries? But their thoughts live on. Where is Homer? Where is Sappho: "violet crowned, pure, sweetly smiling Sappho?" Blind eyes, bright eyes, alike closed now for ever. But their thoughts live on. It was because our Founders loved the things we love; climbed the rugged stair we climb that leads star-ward to eternal truth, that we remember them. The stair of truth is mainly so many steps in the rectifications of error, but it leads to the eternal . . . . I think there must be a great literature of centenaries, there have been so many lately, but I only recall that of the humorist Oliver Wendell Holmes. You will remember the "Deacon's Masterpiece," the wonderful "One Horse Shay" that lasted a hundred years to a day.

Little of all we value here  
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year  
Without both feeling and looking queer.

(I hope we don't do that).

In fact there's nothing that keeps its youth  
So far as I know but a tree and truth.

I am not quite sure about truth, pragmatists are telling us just lately that it is only a relative thing, a sort of pocket edition. But about the tree, I am quite confident that we may apply it to the Literary and Philosophical Society, which has grown so sturdily, and spread its branches so far. (Applause). Why, the great University up on the hill, whose

toast you are going to honour soon, is in a sense a slip from the old tree, for the men who succeeded these founders of ours were those most instrumental in calling it into being. They planted it there where it is. Long may it flourish. (Applause).

But the hour grows late. The meeting has broken up. The old gentlemen have exchanged snuff boxes, and guided by the link boys, pursue their homeward ways. The shops are closed. Here and there, at far intervals, a dim oil lamp blurs the darkness like a glow worm. Follow one of them along the cobbled street, by the kennel where the water from the last shower glitters in the light of the link. The theatre is discharging its audience in Clayton Square. The chairmen are carrying dainty beauty home, with its youth and golden ringlets—poor youth where are those golden ringlets now? It's all a century ago. Our founder has reached his home—in Duke Street is it? A savoury supper smell greeting him at the open door. But the time grows late. The candles are lighted in the hall. He climbs the stair. The ballusters cast crooked shadows on the wall. The picture of George III responds to the glimmer, and glitters in the darkness. He stands for a moment at his bed-room door, his hand curled round the guttering flame; the light falls on his lined old kindly face. He bids you good night. And from the street outside comes faintly on the ear the cry of the watchman: "Half-past twelve o'clock, and a wild and stormy morning." That morning was for you and me: for him, good night; and over the long reach of years, years of the great Queen, years of which we have gathered fruit and flower, we greet him and his fellows—our Founders—who built more wisely than they knew. Mr. Deputy Lord Mayor, Distinguished Guests, members of the Society, ladies and gentlemen, let us drink in silence to their honoured names, for I give you the toast:--  
"OUR FOUNDERS."

His Honour Judge Thomas, LL.D., B.A., in proposing the toast of

“THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL,”

said :—

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

It is my privilege to-night to propose for your acceptance the toast of a more modern institution than ourselves, but an institution which a section of Liverpool people are now justly proud of. But I think there is no section more proud of it than our own Society—(hear, hear)—and no section has more right to be proud than our own Society, because, as your President has pointed out, the foundation of the University of Liverpool was the realisation of an ideal which was before the minds of the Society almost from its inception. They had to wait years for this realisation. They had to prepare the minds of the people of Liverpool for its creation, but they were successful in their endeavour, and therefore I think the President is right in saying that this Society was one of the instruments in calling into being the University of Liverpool. (Hear, hear). Therefore, having waited with anxious solicitude for its growth, we are able to rejoice to-night in the increased strength which it now displays. (Applause). I perhaps am not appropriately placed here in proposing the toast of “The University,” because I am myself a member of its senate. In that sense I am drinking my own health, but there is another sense in which I think this privilege could only have been shared probably in equal right by one other member of this Society, that is Mr. Theodore Brown, because when the first Principal, our guest to-night, Dr. Rendall, came down to Liverpool, new to his office, before the University was actually opened, he, in order to obtain a nucleus of students, gave a class in his own rooms, and of that class of four Mr. Theodore Brown and myself were two of the members. I at that time—because these things make one reminiscent—was an apprentice in a

merchant's office, and when the University opened its doors in its proper place I was one of the first to become a day student within its walls. (Applause). I have often thought that the Principal teaching me, a solitary student in the class for Greek, must have thought what poor material he was supplied with. (Laughter). Professor Strong, one of the earliest professors of the University, used to tell a story of how when he landed in Liverpool at the Central Station, full of the dignity of his new office, he went to a cabby and said: "Drive me to University College." Cabby looked puzzled, and consulted one of his fellow-drivers who said: "He means the lunatic asylum"—(laughter)—and he was driven to the old lunatic asylum. To many men in Liverpool at that time the idea of founding a University College certainly seemed a mad one, and one worthily housed in the old lunatic asylum, but the faith of the first founders has been well justified by events. (Applause). At that time one found one's self in classes mainly peopled by the mothers of the present generation. The mere men, shyly and timidly intruded into the classes, I daresay on the arts side it is still the case. But what a development we have seen in the last thirty years! How right it is of Liverpool to be proud of its own work. We all probably remember with what liberality, with what unfailing generosity they have supported this institution. (Applause). When we compare the few students of twenty years ago to the 1,200 of to-day, when we look at the endowments now approaching nearly a million, and to the revenue of nearly £90,000, we may wonder at what has been accomplished in a single generation. (Applause). Although I spoke of the revenue of nearly £90,000, the Treasurer, who sits beside me, states that the University is still poor. (Laughter). We know that the foundation of chairs carries with it a burden of maintenance, and if some of the millionaires in this room would like to rear up a lasting monument to their memory, I would suggest to them that they should found some chairs in connection

with some object of learned pursuit in which they are interested, or to spare a quarter of a million to the Sustentation Fund. (Laughter). In fact, the Treasurer being here, I would suggest the University should try to make some special form of honour to men who will endow the Sustentation Fund. There is one thing to be said of the University, it is not only new, but it has founded chairs in new branches of study. It has become famous throughout the world for its Tropical School of Medicine. (Hear, hear). There are other branches of learning it has founded quite new to Universities, and I think we can say with pride of it, that it is a worthy offspring of Liverpool. (Hear, hear). I have to couple with this toast the name of one who will always be one of the most honoured members of its staff, one who joined it in early years, and now has the distinction, I think, of being the senior member of the senate, I mean Professor Herdman. I give you "The University," coupled with the name of Professor Herdman. (Applause).

Professor W. A. Herdman, D.Sc., F.R.S. acknowledged the toast, and in the course of his speech said :—

I am afraid I owe the honour of being called upon to reply for the University merely to the fact, to me the singularly unpleasant fact, that I have belonged to the University and the College which preceded it, for a longer period than any other member of the Senate. I suppose I may be regarded as a sort of living fossil, like one of those denizens of the deep sea that belongs properly to some former geological period, but has lived on, and is now found in company with more recent and more highly organised products of evolution. But old as I am, such is the force of early associations that I find it almost an absurdity, I might even call it an outrage, that I should dare to reply for the University in the presence of my former chief, Dr. Rendall, the first Principal of University College. (Applause). Being the oldest inhabitant I, of course, have seen many changes, but unlike other oldest inhabitants, I do

not propose to inflict reminiscences upon you at any length. I have seen the number of Professors increase from four to over forty—I fancy it must be nearly fifty now, one has lost count, they keep arriving so frequently. (Laughter). As for the number of students in my own small department, the numbers have grown from six, with which we commenced in Dr. Rendall's day, to over eighty individuals, and if you count the numbers in the different classes of the department, I suppose the total will be nearly 200. But perhaps what appeals most to one's imagination, is the fact that one is sitting at the Senate Table with colleagues, some of whom were one's former students. It is one of the pleasant things in growing old, to find that the younger men one has helped to train are now occupying important positions in Universities and Museums throughout the world. (Applause). This phenomenal advance, and I really think that in the case of Liverpool one can talk of it without any exaggeration as a phenomenal growth, that of the University College first, and afterwards the University, has been due to many causes, not any one or two causes, not any one set of men have led to the success of the University. We profited, no doubt, largely by the pioneer work that had been done for thirty years by Owens College in the neighbouring city of Manchester. Then again, University College was built upon the secure foundation of the old Royal Infirmary School of Medicine. (Applause). I shall not enumerate other causes occurring to one's mind, but shall pass at once to the one that seems the most interesting and important on the present occasion, and that is, the help to the University movement that was given by the presence and the influence in Liverpool of this Literary and Philosophical Society and other lesser learned societies that centred around the old "Lit. and Phil." at the Royal Institution. (Applause). There have been many famous men in Liverpool in the past in our learned societies, men who were all doing good work of the University type, by which I mean naturally

of the highest type in their own branches of knowledge. Let me recall the names of a few of those that struck one most among the men one met in connection with this Society on coming to Liverpool in the early eighties, and I speak of the names that occur to me rather from the University point of view, and from my own point of view as a scientific man, those with whom I was brought most into contact in that connection. First and foremost occurs the name of the Rev. H. H. Higgins—(hear, hear)—one that all the older members of this Society will think of, as I always do, with gratitude and admiration. And one associates with Mr. Higgins, Mr. Thomas J. Moore, who was, for many years, the Curator of our Free Public Museum. One remembers how once a year, I think, Mr. Higgins and Mr. Moore used to arrange a sort of conversazione meeting at the Society to which they brought all the rarest and most interesting, and most recent additions to the Museum, to be looked at and discussed—a very interesting occasion it used to be. Then there was Frank Archer and his friend R. D. Darbishire, both of them men especially interested in my own line of work, concerned with the bed of the ocean, and who very often took part in our dredging expeditions in Liverpool Bay. Then one thinks of Dr. Drysdale and Mr. Dallinger. I find many people in Liverpool are forgetting—perhaps the younger generation never knew—the pioneer work that Dallinger and Drysdale did in connection with micro-organisms. It is a most wonderful story, and happened really a little before the days I speak of, when University College was started. I heard of it just before I came to Liverpool from that great teacher and biologist, Professor Huxley, who was greatly struck by the work of these two Liverpool men. (Applause). Dr. Drysdale kept in his garden in Rodney Street, rows of little jam-pots full of hideous messes, decomposing fish heads and things of that sort, and he and Dallinger worked together in an adjoining room on the microscopic plants and animals that were found to



develop in such decaying infusions, and their object was to trace the life-histories, which had never been done before, of these minute organisms. It was a two man job, because the organisms had to be kept under observation constantly day and night until each had completed the cycle of its life. Whilst Dallinger slept, I understand, Dr. Drysdale was at the microscope, and whilst he snatched a hasty meal and slept in his turn, Dallinger's eye was on the objects. (Laughter). Well, there are other names that occur to one, but I must not be too long. There were Dr. Sibley Hicks, Dr. Nevins, Mr. Isaac Thompson, and Dr. Isaac Roberts, all of them men of whom any Society, any City, and any University might well be proud—(applause)—all doing good solid work in their own branches of knowledge. Let me tell you a little episode about one of them I have not yet mentioned, Mr. Morton the geologist. (Hear, hear). I happened to be, at the time I was appointed to Liverpool, assistant to Sir Wyvile Thomson at the University of Edinburgh, and at the *Challenger* Expedition Commission, and the latter was a laboratory where foreign naturalists and other men of science used to come very frequently to do work and make observations, staying some weeks or months examining the treasures which had been brought home by the great circumnavigating expedition. It so happened that there was working there Abbé Renard, perhaps the leading mineralogist of that day, from the Brussels Museum, and I had been constantly associated with him. When he was told that I had been appointed to Liverpool, he congratulated me and said, "Ah, Liverpool, the city of Morton." (Applause). I do not know whether you will all agree that that was an adequate description of Liverpool, but at anyrate it showed that Morton had an international, a European reputation, and that his fame was being scored up to the credit of Liverpool. (Hear, hear). These men I have named, and others in this Society that one could recall, formed a body of

cultured opinion in Liverpool which welcomed the young and struggling University College, and helped to make its path smoother. All these men were amateurs. (Hear, hear). I always like, when I have an opportunity, to say a word of appreciation of the amateur, as I think the work that has been done by amateurs is one of the chiefest glories of British science. (Applause). Some of our most distinguished contributors to Biological Science have not held any professional post. The work of such men is not in the least "amateurish;" I use the word amateur only in the sense that these were men who, instead of making their money by science, spent their money on it. (Hear, hear). I hope we shall always have plenty of such men working for science. I hear it sometimes said that there are fewer of such men than there used to be. One hears it said that societies like this Literary and Philosophical Society, and other learned societies, are not so flourishing, scientifically, as they used to be. I am not inclined to believe it. (Applause). Let me tell you, however, of a remark I heard from Frank Archer, who I remember talking in the early days about such societies, and saying he wished there was the enthusiasm that there used to be, and I think he must have been talking of a generation before his own. He went on to speak about the members of a Field Naturalists' Society who used to walk to Warrington to hold meetings with the other members from Manchester. There was enthusiasm for you. That reminds me of the still older case of Erasmus Darwin, the famous grandfather of Charles Darwin, who belonged, with Priestley and Galton and others, to the famous "Lunar Club," that met somewhere in the Midlands once a month at the time of the full moon, for convenience in getting home long distances, after the meetings by the light of the moon. (Laughter). We should go in motors now; but then we are told that we do not go to such meetings, and we are told that the reason is because of the motors. Other people

say it is because of golf and bridge, and I am sorry to say that some people say it is because of local Universities. They say the scientific societies have dwindled since local Universities came into existence. I do not believe that for a moment; it ought not to be the case at anyrate. (Hear, hear). It is said that science is becoming too professional, that scientific investigation can only be carried on now in University laboratories and with expensive apparatus. That is not in the least the case. It is not necessary, at least, with natural science, whatever it may be in other branches. It may be that there has been a certain amount of swinging of the pendulum, it may be that science for the moment has become a little too much engrossed in apparatus and laboratories and such refinements, but I think the pendulum is swinging back even now, and certainly will do so even more in the direction of the study of living nature in the future; and I feel convinced there is just as fine a career as ever before the old-fashioned field naturalist on modern evolutionary lines of work. Some of us in Biological Chairs in different local Universities are certainly doing all we can to attract and cultivate the amateur, and to encourage him to feel that he can carry on the same work as his predecessors have done in the past. (Hear, hear). I think that modern Universities ought to have a great influence in that direction, and in doing so they are, of course, brought into close touch with societies like this, and ought to do much to send desirable recruits to such societies. If a great city without a University is an uncrowned Queen, a University that is not serving its city and the learned societies of the city in every possible way, is losing its crowning opportunity of usefulness. (Applause). I am glad to think that the University of Liverpool is coming into closer and closer touch with the city, with the work of the City Council and its Committees year by year. The city gives the University a generous grant from the rates, and I think the University

helps the city in many ways. (Applause). There are several of us on the Senate, who now sit as co-opted members on various Corporation Committees, and I hope we play our part in helping such committees to carry on those departments of the city's work. On this great centenary occasion you have been kind enough to include the University in your rejoicings, and to express appreciation and good wishes. The University reciprocates all your good feeling and aspirations; and may I, in conclusion, express the hope that our work will be found to consist largely in helping your work, and that we may in the future send many worthy University graduates to swell your roll of active workers in literature, in philosophy, and in science. (Applause).

Sir Dyce Duckworth, Bart., M.D., F.R.C.P., LL.D. (Treasurer of the Royal College of Physicians), in proposing the toast of

“THE SOCIETY.”

said :—

MR. PRESIDENT, MR. DEPUTY LORD MAYOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—I have great pleasure in rising to propose this toast which has been assigned to me to-night. I conceive it to be a great honour, as it is certainly a matter of great interest to me, as a citizen of Liverpool, to be asked on this occasion to propose what is certainly one of the toasts of the evening. You have heard a great deal about the Society already in the speeches that have preceded this, and at this late hour I should not think of recalling many of the memories which crowd upon one. My position here is not due to any merit on my part, but simply, as I have reason to believe, because I happen to be one of the oldest members, perhaps the oldest of the Society in the room just now. I daresay many of you may conceive it hardly possible that it is 54 years since I became a member of this Society. (Loud applause). It is a strange fact to remember at this moment, and it

gives me great pleasure to be here in the flesh, and I think in full activity, to enjoy your hospitality this evening. You have heard a great deal about the inception of this Society especially of one of its founders, Dr. Thomas Stuart Traill. (Applause). Dr. Traill was what I call a "Grand Old Man." He practised medicine in this city and he was a shrewd Scotsman. Three years after founding this Society he founded the Royal Institution in Liverpool, and projected for that Institution a course of education so full and so complete that it constituted in his mind a complete scheme of higher education, that is, of University education. He also founded the Royal Infirmary School of Medicine in this City. (Hear, hear). For all those things, and considering what their own evolution has been by means of this and kindred societies which were formed by men of high education, we owe a great debt to the men of that time, 1812, when there was supposed to be little more than a commercial and money-making spirit in the city. (Applause). All these were founded by Dr. Traill and other men whose names have been mentioned for the purpose of promoting higher education in the study of scientific matters. Well, Dr. Traill as I have said, had a particular interest for me, because he lived in Liverpool, and became Professor of Medical Jurisprudence at Edinburgh, and I was his last pupil there in 1862,—(applause)—when he was giving his last course of lectures in the summer when he was taken ill and died rather suddenly. I attended his last lecture, so I have a rather interesting link with our founder.

You have been reminded since of the stirring events of 1812, when actually, as we read, Wellington was engaged in conducting the siege which ended three days subsequently, and you have heard how Napoleon was projecting his march to Moscow. I wonder how long the news of Badajoz took to reach Liverpool. Perhaps it is not generally known that the news of Waterloo, three years later, occupied a whole week in reaching Liverpool. (Hear, hear).

I have many clear recollections of some of the early notable members of the Society, some of them active and able contributors to it. I remember the presidency of Dr. Inman, and Dr. Ginsburg. (Applause). I remember Mr. Higgins and Mr. Higginson, I remember my three old teachers at the Infirmary School, Dr. Edwards, Dr. Nevins, and Dr. Cuthbert Collingwood, who were all great contributors. (Applause). I remember others too, such as the Secretary at that time, Dr. David P. Thompson, who was a most ardent official of the Society. My brother Henry contributed several important things too. (Applause). I sat at the feet of all these great and interesting men, and imbibed varieties of knowledge which I have utilised in my career in life. Therefore I feel I have a qualification to present this toast and ask you to drink it heartily. (Applause). I have left gaps to be filled up by others, but I will yield to none who may follow me in expressing my admiration of this Society, which we may now call venerable, and in affection for it. (Hear, hear.) In asking you to drink to it, I ask you to couple with it the names of two members, one of whom will certainly be received with acclamation on every hand, Dr. Rendall and Dr. Ernest Nevins, who I think must be the son of the Dr. Nevins I alluded to. I give you the toast of the evening "The Society" coupled with the names of Dr. Rendall and Dr. Nevins. (Applause.)

Dr. Gerald H. Rendall, Litt.D., LL.D., who was received with applause on rising to respond said:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

You can to some extent imagine how associations and memories crowd in upon my mind as I re-visit Liverpool, and not least on an occasion such as this when I have the honour to respond to this toast for the prosperity of the Literary and Philosophical Society. The interesting record which has been placed in our hands, recalls with almost remorseless fidelity the exact date at which we were enrolled

in the ranks of this Society. It is hard to believe that almost a generation intervenes between my own enrolment and that of Sir Dyce Duckworth, who can carry back his connection with the Society to more than half a century. (Applause) That, indeed, gives me a cheering reassurance of youth. (Laughter). On the other hand I find myself sobered by the reflection that one of my own remembered students at the University proposed the last toast from the dignified position of His Honour Judge Thomas. (Applause.) The swift and hurrying present in which we live leaves little time or chance to assign exactly their true values to things, or for discerning which are of vital import and lasting account. That opportunity is furnished only by time and leisure and retrospect. Those privileges I enjoyed in ample measure by the help of what has been called a dislocated railway service, in journeying here to-day to be present at this occasion. My six hours in the railway train I used pleasurably enough in recalling old memories of Liverpool, and in particular of members of the Literary and Philosophical Society, and from that ordeal the "Lit. and Phil." emerged wonderfully well. (Hear, hear). I do honestly think that sitting quietly in the train I should nowhere have found more vivid and grateful memories trooping back into my mind than those associated with the Society, whose centenary we are celebrating to-night. (Applause.) First, while I remember with gratitude ample obligations to "the cup that cheers and not inebriates," I never associated the Literary and Philosophical Society with the pleasures of the dining table, with the bouquet of port or the sparkle of champagne. (Laughter). These things apparently have changed, and to-night many of us make something of amends to ourselves for excellent dinners which, in the past, were either forfeited or bolted from loyalty to the Literary and Philosophical Society. (Loud laughter). Again, I am bound to confess, speaking of that past, though not I dare say of a happier present, we were not always sparkling or

eloquent or profound. If on more than one evening I victimised my fellow members with classical lucubrations, I in my turn can recall the endurance demanded by papers on Geometrical Mathematics, or on the less imaginative provinces of Chemistry. (Laughter). Still, looking back—I can honestly avow that on the whole our range was wonderfully varied, and our standards wonderfully high. Not only was it an honour to occupy the seat which in bygone years had been filled by men such as William Roscoe, or James Martineau, or William Ihne, men who have left their permanent mark on the annals of Arts, Literature, Philosophy and History—(applause)—but I gratefully acknowledge how large a part we owe, of any breadth or geniality or sympathy with culture to which each one of us has attained, to that which was communicated to us by the Literary and Philosophical Society. (Applause.) There, week after week, arts and science joined hands and frolicked together in loving company. Together as it were we went gathering nuts and May, we danced, flirted, hunted the slipper round all the circle of the arts and sciences. (Laughter). My own days, the generation in which I knew best the Literary and Philosophical Society, coincided with the close of the Victorian era; you remember how it was in some respects an era of death, in which the tolling bell was sounded over great names, such as Matthew Arnold, Morris, Browning, Tennyson, and each of those occasions remains in my mind not only as an incident memorable in itself, but also as graven in memory by the tributes which were paid to the poets we mourned by members of the Literary and Philosophical Society. (Hear, hear). There, week by week, to take first the field of literature and letters, I well remember with what verve Sephton would unfold the tale of rune, or edda, or Northern saga; or McClintock examine Origins of the Nibelungen Lied, or the sources of Faust; or Edward Russell treat us to one of his appreciations of the great Elizabethan dramatists. On the austerer side Lloyd would break new



ground in the science of phonetics. And in the field of local antiquities, there was ever Sir James Picton or Cowell ready to stimulate and refresh our civic interests. In history, we had our benefactors in Birchall, and Marples, and others, handling their chosen themes with wonderful thoroughness and perspicuity. And if we came to the philosophical branch, we were there not lacking. Upon the side of metaphysical and moral philosophy, we had to thank Malcolm Guthrie and Richard Steel, whose name has been mentioned already, for solid and fruitful discussions of vexed problems; while on the border line of combined history and philosophy, Edward Russell, if once again I may refer to him, would continually regale us with criticisms of life built up on singularly wide sub-structures of experience and reading. I think of one only province on the literary side, in which we were really weak, and that has been more than redeemed by the Liverpool of to-day, I mean that of Art and Archaeology. (Hear, hear). And if for one moment I may pass to the sphere of science, which has been generously dealt with by Professor Herdman, there there was one name which he necessarily left out—his own. (Loud applause). The scientific equipment which I brought from school and University was singularly limited; so far as I remember it consisted of convictions that the mongoose was a kind of bird—(laughter)—and the ichneumon either a lizard or a gnat. (Laughter). Under the guidance of Professor Herdman and of Isaac Thompson I gained at least a bowing acquaintance with molluscs and ascidians, with copepoda and tunicata, and other wonders of the sesquipedalian tribes. (Hear, hear). But above all I would recall in astronomy, the simplicity, the modesty, the ingenuousness, with which Isaac Roberts or Richard Johnson brought before us from time to time the incidents and progress of Astronomy—(applause)—and kept us abreast of the very foremost advances in the new sphere of stellar photography. I shall never forget the day on which I visited Isaac Roberts in his own Maghull Observatory, and

there saw his latest achievements in that particular field. I have reserved for the last, two names which you must have missed among those to whom I have paid passing tribute, I mean Henry Higgins and Dr. Nevins. (Applause). Higgins has been mentioned already with the reverence and respect he deserved by Professor Herdman. He was indeed a proficient of a very high order in the sphere which was his own field—Natural History. But over and above that I should say that I never met a more disinterested, a more eager, more catholic and open-hearted votary of truth. (Hear, hear). Dr. Nevins, you remember, was of a different type. He was a born amateur of knowledge; one recalls the omnivorous glee with which he used to gobble up, as it were, every morsel of available knowledge with a kind of insatiable relish. He would speak to us not only on things medical or biological, but on plagues, locusts, coins, and half a hundred other topics. (Applause). How well do I remember his dealing with the Revised Version of Holy Scripture, with what ill success I did my best to make clear to him the difference between a manuscript and a version, with what lavish simplicity he had written to the Librarian of Cambridge, the Patriarch of Constantinople, the Archimandrite of the Armenian Copts, the Pope's Secretary, if not to the Pope himself, for information which was available in volumes that stood idling on my own shelves. (Laughter). But to men like that we owe much. (Applause). The Society has been the happy hunting ground of amateurs and experts, joining together and sharing the delights that brighten the pursuit of knowledge. (Loud applause). The expert should be there to report his results, to be saved himself from pedantry and isolation, to communicate to others the zest he feels in the subject of his choice. But on the other hand the amateur—I need not define or enlarge, for indeed we are all amateurs except in some little corner of knowledge—profits by keeping in touch with other spheres from which he can at least catch delight and interest and

stimulus. I must not trespass longer upon your time, but will only say how gratefully I own myself a debtor to the Society, and hope that the centenary which we are here to celebrate, is but the prelude of tercentenaries and quincentenaries to come, of continued life and benefit and usefulness. (Loud applause).

Dr. J. Ernest Nevins, who also responded, said :—

Mr. President.—I think I ought first to say that I am not the Dr. Nevins who taught Sir Dyce Duckworth. (Laughter). We are, ladies and gentlemen, very heartily grateful to you for the toast you have proposed, and for the kind way in which you have received it. We feel it not only a pleasure but an honour to have all of you here to-night, and when we think of the old giants who did such splendid work in building up this Society we have pleasure, and with that some pain, because we feel how impossible it is for us present members to keep up the high standard they have set in the past. We have tried to do what we can, and we hope that the University and other friends will not be too critical. To Sir Dyce Duckworth we give particular thanks for his kind words. (Applause). You know he is one of the bright stars which illuminate the firmament of London. He has removed from us, but still is remembered as one of us. Before he went to London he was in Edinburgh, and it is really extraordinary, if you come to think of it, the enormous number of great men who have come from Scotland, and also, if you think of it, the immense unanimity with which they never go back to it. (Laughter). Not only in the present age, but in all the ages, Scotland has given great names to the worlds of science and literature. The President alluded to Mr. Homer—(laughter)—who lived a few years ago. He and Virgil both mentioned the name of a Scotch doctor, who was surgeon to the Greeks, Machaon was his name. (Laughter). He was one of the first who turned out of the wooden horse when it had got into Troy, and he did very brilliant work both in

his own line, and in fighting. Of course you will remember that the Siege of Troy was before the Insurance Act, and the doctors had not gone on strike. (Laughter). However, he was a man of great note, and both the Scotch and Irish Mac's fight as to whom he belonged to. (Laughter). The only argument in favour of the Irish Mac's is that he was always ready for a fight. Possibly he was an Ulsterman. (Laughter). But even if you go further back than that, you will find that the Scotch were to the fore in the world. There is very strong evidence that they were living in the plains of Mesopotamia at the time of the Patriarchs. If there were no other evidence we have the evidence of the great Patriarch Abraham. We know him chiefly in his adult life as an Arab chief wandering about. In his younger days he was a popular youngster, full of energy, and going in for athletics, and both his arms and legs were developed to a great extent. He wore a kilt, and as the old Scotch wives saw him passing, they used to smile and say: "Yon laddie has a *braw ham*." (Laughter). It is very interesting often to think how old names that we associate with some special thing are really evidences of the Anglo-Saxon spirit in the old days. There was another of the old people who was celebrated both by Virgil and Homer, and that was Ucalegon. That is essentially a British name, and shows that our ancestors, the Britons, were there at the Siege of Troy. Of course he was on the Trojan side. To live in Troy in those days it appears was rather depressing for the Trojans, and both Virgil and Homer mention as characteristics of Ucalegon that he was distinguished for his wise councils and good spirits. Of course good spirits indicates that he was the local inn-keeper. (Laughter). The custom was in those good old days that the host always gave a stirrup cup to his guests when they left, and this gallant general as he did so used always to say: "I hope *you'll call again*." So it came about that it was from the old Trojan Ucalegon that we get O'Callaghan. (Laughter). It is getting pretty late now, and

I think you have had quite as many literary and philosophical remarks as you can digest, but I would like to imitate that old gentleman in saying that we thank you very much for coming, and we hope you will all of you call again next year at the Literary and Philosophical Society dinner. (Applause).

The Rev. Wm. Edward Sims, A.K.C.L., in proposing the toast of

“OUR GUESTS,”

said :—

Mr. President.—Sidney Smith remarked that “an excellent and well-arranged dinner is a most pleasing occurrence, and a great triumph of civilized life. It is not only the descending morsel and the enveloping sauce, but the rank, wealth, wit, and beauty which surround the meats.” I might enlarge upon to-night’s banquet, the morsels and the sauces, but my proper subject is the “rank, wealth, wit, and beauty” which surround the meats.

This feast represents, we may say, a century’s efforts materialised in the very pleasant form that you have seen this evening. We have heard much lately of paper-bag cookery—(laughter)—and it is instructive to note that from its beginning our Society has been attentive to papers, generally brought in bags—(laughter)—morsels of wisdom served with sauce rhetoric. Someone said, “We can live without books; but where is the man that can live without cooks?” We as a Literary Society, however, cannot live without books; but we are also a Philosophical Society, and therefore equally unable to live without cooks; for, you remember, it has been said that “the English have degraded philosophy to the kitchen.” If it has been thus degraded, I feel sure that you will all agree that the results have not been altogether as unsatisfactory as the foreign critic might have led us to suppose. (Applause). Man is the only being, I believe, who cooks his food or pays income tax. (Laughter). He is a philosopher; and that we should, at this late hour of our

existence — we are centenarians — dine together, seems characteristic, not only of the dignity of our Society, but also of the dignity of man.

We are proud to have in our midst to-night a number of distinguished guests. (Applause). We have heard of other distinguished persons invited to our feast who would have been with us had it been possible. But, although we mourn their absence, it is no small satisfaction to find with us to-night such a visitor as Dr. Caton, ex-Lord Mayor of Liverpool, Physician and Magistrate, University Professor and Classical Scholar, Colonel of Territorials, Author, Chairman of many Committees, Humanist, and Humanitarian. (Loud applause). We have also with us to-night, Mr. J. Graham Kenion, Secretary of the Royal Institution, an institution that has played the part, as I am reminded, of an indulgent landlord to this Society for the very long period of ninety-five years—(applause)—and I have every reason to suppose that there is no intention of evicting us yet. (Laughter). Then we are delighted to see in our midst a representative of the Rathbone family. (Hear, hear). One cannot know anything of the history of Liverpool without knowing of that distinguished family. We have with us Mr. Hugh Rathbone—(applause)—grandson of the Richard Rathbone whose name appears in our list of founders, and Mrs. Hugh Rathbone—(applause)—granddaughter of William Rathbone VI, and niece of Richard Rathbone. In his presence it would be unfair to refer at length to the many conspicuous services Mr. Rathbone has rendered the city and public of Liverpool. You have already heard Sir Dyce Duckworth. (Applause). It would be impertinent of me to attempt to draw attention to the well-known circumstances of his career. We know that he is a “Knight of Grace” (in more than one sense of the word) of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. His name is written large in the medical annals of our time. (Applause). As gold medallist of Edinburgh, and since then, down to the present day, he has been known to

England, Ireland, Scotland, America, and, indeed, throughout the world. You have heard the eloquent speech of our former President, Dr. Rendall—(applause)—Classical Scholar, Fellow of Trinity, Principal of University College, Liverpool, during a difficult and anxious time, when the foundations were being laid broad and strong to bear the superstructure of the million pounds lately referred to—(laughter)—and of the scholarship and learning represented by the University to-day. We have here to-night also Dr. Hope, Medical Officer of our city. (Applause). We have lived ourselves one hundred years, and that seems to point to the salubrity of Liverpool for Literary and Philosophical organisations. (Laughter). Dr. Hope is our popular embodiment of a saviour of society. His name (for more than one reason) inspires us with optimism as regards the future. (Laughter). Then we have a lady present, Miss Hale—(applause)—whose valuable paper on “Temper and Temperament” many of us recently heard. Miss Hale pointed the way in which lies the promise of the coming time, and taught us the force of that maxim of Lord Beaconsfield’s: “England must be saved by its youth.” (Hear, hear). In our midst to-night is also Dr. John Sampson, the courteous Librarian of the University—(applause)—who also takes care of that valuable, if comparatively little-used library, which we ourselves possess. (Applause). Carlyle used to say that the true University of these days was a library of books, and I dare say Dr. Sampson would agree with him. With us also are the President of the Liverpool Academy, Mr. Albert Brockbank—(hear, hear); the Secretary of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, Mr. F. C. Beazley—(hear, hear); and the Secretary of the Philomathic Society, Mr. G. E. Martindale. (Applause). These Societies, if not all of them our children, are very closely related to us. They have kindred aims, and are imbued with similar ideas to ourselves. May I ask you to charge your glasses, and drink the health of “Our Guests,” coupling with that toast the name of the President of the Royal Institution. (Applause).

Dr. Richard Caton, M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P., J.P., who responded, said :—

MR. PRESIDENT, MR. DEPUTY LORD MAYOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—I feel it an honour but a grave responsibility to respond for the long list of names enumerated in connection with this toast. Let me say first of all that I am sure the ladies and gentlemen concerned feel that they are being much honoured by the kindly way in which this toast has been proposed, and by the cordiality with which it has been received. I am sure also they feel sincere gratitude to this Society for the kind hospitality we have all enjoyed. Some of those who have come long distances must feel how great and how important this Society is, when, with the railway service in its present condition, they have come from the far corner of Essex, from London, and from other regions far removed. (Applause). It is proof that they have a warm regard and respect for this Society, with which they have mostly been associated at one time or another. (Hear, hear). Now I am anxious, Mr. President, not to work the handle if I can help it, of that somewhat juvenile pump to which you made reference at an early period of the proceedings—(laughter)—but I must say I think all of us feel that this centenary is of signal importance and interest to this city. If we look back to the year 1812, when Liverpool was little more than a large village, a place of little account in the British Empire, a port with comparatively little shipping and scant trade, and then at the enormous growth that has taken place, I should like to ask what would have become of the intellectual interests of Liverpool had it not been for such a society as this, aided by other kindred societies. (Loud applause). I say the Society has kept alight the torch of learning, it has awakened the mental life and thought of several generations of men and women. It has been, I believe, of untold value to our city, and I trust it is still going to be of the greatest value. (Applause). Indeed,



I hope that the effort which the Committee of the Society is now making to awaken interest in its important work will be highly successful. (Hear, hear). There is a danger which I see before us at the present time—a certain peril in the false attractions that unhappily too much draw the attention of our young people—I must say I think bridge (a game which I have taken the greatest care never to learn), other games of chance, excessive devotion to golf (in itself a good thing), motoring, and a variety of other amusements, attract rather too much of the time and interest of our young people, to their own terrible loss. (Hear, hear). Why, Mr. President, the infinite charm and the profound problems of the universe, the literary, the physical, the philosophical, the spiritual interests of human life are so great, that if men will only keep their souls awake to these, life becomes vastly richer and more interesting than if spent in mere trivialities. (Applause). It has been always the object of the Society to direct men to the forms of work and thought that are pressing and important, that do good to the world, and make life really worth living. I can only say I hope the Society has a time of great usefulness before it, and I hope large numbers of our young people will join, cultivate the gifts they possess, and learn how marvellous and full of wonder the world is in which we live. (Applause). The papers I have heard certainly have presented an extraordinarily wide range of human interest. I can only hope that the Society will appeal to a still larger section of the public of Liverpool. We have a vast population of more or less educated people amongst us. There is a large field for literary and philosophical enquiry, and I trust sincerely that that work is going to be carried on with success by the Society. (Hear, hear). I thank you very much indeed on behalf of those whom you have complimented so kindly. (Applause).

Dr. Andrew Commins proposed the toast of

“THE PRESIDENT.”

He said :—

As representing the Lord Mayor, I have great pleasure in rising to propose the toast that now devolves upon me, and I think it will be received by you, not only with acclamation and enthusiasm, but with thorough appreciation. (Hear hear). I think this must be a very happy occasion for the President. I think as Goethe, one of the great German thinkers, who is probably appreciated a little too highly, said : “The greatest happiness a man can have in this life is the realisation of the charms of his youth.” I think that our President must have to-night realised a good deal of the charms of his youth in seeing this assembly which is brought around him, animated with the spirit of literature and philosophy, which we are all met to commemorate and to appreciate, and which promises as much for the future as it has done very much for the past. (Applause). Really everything that has been done for the past, from Cato downwards, has been done by men trying to realise the dreams of their youth, dreaming something that could be realised, and trying to bring it about, and in such a way as will be appreciated and accepted by those who listen to their teaching. (Hear, hear). I think the President has a good deal to congratulate himself upon to-night, when he sees around him men impregnated with the spirit of literature and philosophy, a literature probably the highest in the world, and a philosophy I think the most advanced, and when he looks forward to what it may be able to do in the times that are coming, in the next hundred years of this Society, and I hope it will continue for another hundred years. (Applause). We are all obliged in a manner to carry out not only the principles that have been laid down for us, and proved to be practicable in the past, but to push them forward, and try to carry them out in the future. I hope we will all be propagators of advanced ideas. It is suggested that what are

commonly called advanced ideas, are ideas that will not work—when examined are found not to be workable. I hope we will all be able to work out and advance and propagate and encourage practical ideas, and try to make the world a little better than we found it. (Hear, hear). I do not want to protract my observations to-night in proposing the health of our President, because the proposition does not need any special argument. The arguments have been given by those who have spoken, and the sentiments they have expressed. Therefore I will ask you to drink the health of the President. He will not be here in another hundred years to celebrate another centenary, but he may be able with confidence to anticipate that the next century will be quite as successful and prosperous, and quite as progressive and useful as the past has been. (Applause).

The toast was accepted with enthusiasm, and with musical honours.

The President in reply, said :—

MR. DEPUTY LORD MAYOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I thank you sincerely for the kindness with which you have received this toast, so ably proposed, so generously received. It is a great joy in one's life to have had the opportunity of furthering, however feebly, the interests of a Society that is doing so much in this city of many scattered interests, projects, and ambitions, to secure an adequate recognition of the unity of knowledge. We drift too far apart in that process of specialisation which is so notable a feature of the intellectual life of our day; and it is well that we should meet in friendly conference, and in societies such as ours, gleaning as we may from each other material to fill the mental vacuities of which we are all so sadly conscious. You, Mr. Deputy Lord Mayor, were kind enough to refer to the intuitions and ambitions of my early youth. Certainly no vision came to me then of joining such a distinguished company, or that I should have been chosen to preside on

such a special occasion. The intuitions of my youth were like those of others, elusive and delusive. I wish Professor Mair were here to-night, for I would recommend to him a new definition of that word. "An intuition," says a witty American, "is what a woman thinks when she is wrong." (Laughter). I am sure my youthful intuitions were wrong, and I am glad they were, since your good wishes meet me unstaled by anticipation. I accept them with gratitude, and on behalf of the Society which for a hundred years has kept aloft the light which she will, I feel sure, bear high when another century has sped its course. A tedious Scotch minister, for ministers can be tedious, who preached by the hour glass in his pulpit, when the last sands had run out while his discourse was in mid-stream, would turn it over, saying: "Friends, let us take another glass." I would say the same to you. The sands of our century are run out. Let us take another glass, and when its sands are spent, may those who then shall take our places, look back on us with as friendly a recognition of service well and truly rendered, as we to those who, a hundred years ago, were our founders. Little did they think how far the Society would spread its branches, how wide the circle of its influence, as little do we what lasting benefits it may in future years render to the intellectual life of our great and worthy city. (Loud applause).

## HAKLUYT AND VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY IN TUDOR TIMES.

By T. L. DODDS, J.P.

APPROACHING, as we are, the centenary of this Society, the close of a period that has witnessed a remarkable expansion of the commerce of Liverpool, it has occurred to me that I may with propriety devote my address to a brief outline of the Renaissance of English shipping. The first reflection probably that this statement occasions in the mind of my hearers is, as it did in mine when the subject first presented itself to me, that this theme has little or no relationship to either literature or philosophy, and is therefore one more suitable for discussion at a Chamber of Commerce meeting than in a Society whose chief aim is detachment from matters of the market place. If I may venture to anticipate any interest in, or sympathy with the choice I have made, it will be seen, so I trust, that modern commerce had its origin and was part of that great intellectual Renaissance associated with the reigns of the Tudors. In that great period, more so than in any other, the active performance of the practical duties of life and the making of a great literature were in the closest alliance, a circumstance that explains the absence of the morbid and the prevalence of a hearty virility in the great literature that saw the light during the second half of the sixteenth and the earlier years of the seventeenth century. The imaginative influence upon the times of the ventures of the Tudor merchantman, who was not unfrequently a man of University education, and the substantial contribution to the literature of the age in these vigorously written and picturesque histories of these

travels by sea and land, have not always received full recognition. There is a distinct reflection of the travel-literature of the age in More's *Utopia*, which, like the mariner of Tudor times, attempts to penetrate beyond the knowledge of the time, and speculate on what lies hidden from human view. There was, we know, a close personal friendship between Edmund Spenser and Walter Raleigh, and it may be assumed that intercourse between the poet and the "Shepherd of the Ocean," the partial discoverer and coloniser of America, goes far in explanation of the gorgeous colouring and imaginative range of the *Faerie Queene*.

London, then a compact city, and bringing its inhabitants into close relationship, was the London in which Shakespeare found ready to hand much of the material for his dramas, and we may take it that his seafaring knowledge came direct from the weather-beaten mariners, the best customers then, as they are now, of taverns and places of conviviality.

Had Francis Bacon not been a man of his time, drawing into his capacious intellect the story of maritime achievement, it is unlikely he would have written the *Atlantis*, or have said that if merchants "flourish not, a kingdom may have good limbs, but it will have empty veins, and nourish little taxes, and import upon them do seldom good to the king's revenue : for that he wins in the hundred he looseth in the share ; the particular rates being increased, but the total bulk of trading decreased."

There is the taste of the salt wave and the surge of the sea in the verse of Drayton—

A thousand kingdoms will we seek from far,  
As many nations waste in civil war ;  
Where the dishevelled ghastly sea-nymph sings,  
Our well-rigged ships shall stretch their swelling wings,

And drag their anchors through the sandy foam,  
About the world in every clime to roam,  
And there unchristened countries call our own  
Where scarce the name of England hath been known.

Marlowe caught the infection of the time, and there is a note of imperialism in the magnificent declamation of *Tamburlaine*.

There is scarcely a writer in this brilliant age whose prose or verse escapes the fascination of the sea literature that circulated freely in England in the reign of Elizabeth. But that literature was not altogether indigenous; much of it was in translations from the Italian, for the Renaissance, that was the forerunner of the Elizabethan, gave birth to Italian adventure by sea and land. Marco Paolo, in the thirteenth century, the discoveries of Copernicus, which were the beginnings of nautical science, and the enterprise of the seamen of Venice and Genoa in the fifteenth century, were but a few of the sources from which England drew her inspiration, and it ought not to be forgotten that the remarkable rebirth of adventure upon the sea which followed the Spanish conquest of Granada in the fifteenth century was not without its effect upon civilisation in its stimulating influence upon the nations of Europe. Less virile, but not less influential upon the imagination of Elizabethan times, was the contemporary example of France. It is one of the problems of history why it was that our neighbour did not take the first place in modern times as a maritime power. She excelled, in the sixteenth century, all other nations in seamanship; she was foremost in the arts of ship-building; she was behind no other nation in enterprise; and she was an example to all others in humanity, both on sea and land. By all the laws that explain national progress and the founding of empires, she ought now to be the ruler of

India, and the French tongue ought to be the one in use from Central America to Hudson's Bay.

My task, though, is not the solving of historical problems, but the statement of the intellectual associations of commerce, and among those are the obligations we are under to the three foremost nations of Europe.

Hakluyt, with the patriotic bias which was one of his characteristics, glosses over the fact that England up to a period was a follower rather than a leader in maritime enterprise; indeed, he endeavours to prove that England was in possession of a sea literature more ancient than that of any other nation. In his first volume, King Edwin, Bede, and others of remote times are brought in as early navigators, and the forerunners of all others in describing life upon the seas. The truth is that up to the rupture with the Papacy the growth of the English nation was exceedingly slow. The entire population of the country at the time of the accession of Henry VIII was far short of the present population of London. The towns and cities were as small in area and enterprise as in population. Our commerce from the death of Edward III had been almost stationary, and when Henry VIII began to form a navy it was found difficult to obtain men for the vessels which he built, owing to the general decrease of the fishing population. There was a fairly brisk trade with the Hanse towns, with occasional voyages to the Levant, but trade even with these places was stationary, and the great oversea trade was largely in the hands of others.

The famous voyage of John Cabot, in 1497, a voyage, it ought not to be forgotten, by a naturalised Italian, and financed by the Italian merchants of Bristol, was almost the first glimpse given to Englishmen of the possibilities of the western trade.



The abolition of fast days and the decay of the fishing trade had an influence upon the shipping of the country, in compelling shipowners to seek for new openings for trade. The merchant adventurer, it cannot be too often repeated, was the pioneer of national expansion. It was in his own ships, with the occasional loan of a Queen's ship, and with his own or his friends' money, that these highly speculative voyages into the unknown were made, and if at times his profits were very great, his losses were at other times ruinous. The Atlantic voyages that followed the return home of Sebastian Cabot, and undertaken in quest of the North-West passage, required a stronger type of vessel, and the care and skill devoted to ship-building explain how, in vessels that did not exceed the tonnage of a present-day coasting vessel, voyages were made which in venturesomeness are quite Homeric. The full story is a tale of heroism, of almost superhuman feats of endurance, and of persistence in the great aim of having a full share of the toll of the sea; and that story has been rightly designated the prose epic of the English nation.

Richard Hakluyt, our national Homer, was born, it has been conjectured, in London, about the year 1552. His name suggests an alien origin, but he was thoroughly English in nationality as he was in everything else. He was left an orphan early in life, but was brought up and carefully educated, it has been surmised, by a relative to whom he owed the beginnings of a life-long devotion to the literature of the sea. A chance visit to this relative, while he was a Westminster school-boy, led to a conversation on commercial geography. Hakluyt writes:—

From the map he brought me to the Bible, and turning to 107 Psalm, directed me to the twenty-third and twenty-fourth verses, where I read that "they which go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his

wonders in the deep." Which words of the prophet, together with my cousin's discourse (a thing of high and rare delight to my young nature), took in me so deep an impression that I constantly resolved if ever I were preferred to the University, where better time and more convenient place might be ministered for these studies, I would, by God's assistance, prosecute that knowledge and kind of literature the doors whereof (after a sort) were so happily opened to me.

The resolution made in youth was persistently followed to the end of his life.

He read books of travel in Greek, Latin, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, and French, and all that had been written in English. He mastered all that was known of nautical science and commercial geography, and lectured in the common schools on these subjects. In 1582 Hakluyt published a small volume on American discovery by Englishmen. The pamphlet was an argument showing the right of Englishmen to a share in the coast line of America, a right strenuously denied by Spain. "The time approacheth," he says, "and now is that we of England may share and part stakes with the Spaniard and the Portugale in part of America and other regions as yet undiscovered," and he goes on to express the belief that friendly co-operation between Spain and England would lead to the discovery of a short and easy passage by the north-west to more distant lands. In the same treatise he urges the need for a better training of seamen in advanced technical education. He reminds his countrymen that the Spaniards owed their superiority at sea to the education given to seamen. No one could take command of a vessel, he goes on to say, unless he had satisfied the Board of Examiners at Seville. From this it would appear that in England no certificate was required for an appointment at sea. We are far beyond that condition of things now, but I believe that Hakluyt's plea for the

endowment of a University Chair for nautical study has not yet met with a favourable response, though his suggestion that a school for the study of tropical diseases should be formed has been carried out in our own University.

In 1583 Hakluyt acted as Chaplain to the English Embassy at Paris, and while there he gathered together material for the great work which he had on hand, which was nothing less than a compilation of all that had been written on travel by sea and by land.

The French, he found, set small store upon the achievements of the English at sea. Hakluyt's countrymen were noted for their sluggish security; the merchants, so it was said, were concerned only in the profits of their ventures, and suppressed, in fear of competition, the information which these ventures brought them. How far Hakluyt was moved to action by this disparagement we do not know, but his book, published in 1589, and enlarged some ten years later, had for its chief purpose a revelation of the achievements of the English at sea. He writes:—

After great charges and infinite cares, after many watchings, toiles and travels, and wearying out my weake body; at length I have collected three severall Volumes of the English Navigations, Traffiques, and Discoveries, to strange, remote, and farre distant countreys. Which work of mine I have not included within the compasse of things onely done in these latter dayes, as though litle or nothing woorthie of memorie had bene performed in former ages; but mounting aloft by the space of many hundred yeeres, have brought to light many very rare and worthy monuments, which long have lien miserably scattered in mustie corners, and retchlesly hidden in mistie darkenesse, and were very like for the greatest part to have bene buried in perpetuall oblivion.

So far as we can gather, Hakluyt's method of getting information was in part Socratic, and in part Boswellian. His life-work was in the compilation of the voyages and

travels undertaken either in search for wealth or for geographical knowledge. Occasionally, but only occasionally, he appears in the preface of one or other of his books, but usually he keeps in the background, and allows the sailor or discoverer to speak for himself. We know that he had lengthy interviews in Paris with Don Antonia, the Pretender to the Spanish throne, who was a great authority on cosmography. He appears to have had access to the chief collections of books in both Paris and London, a privilege that he used freely. He spent much of his leisure east of the bridge in Radcliffe, and beyond to Limehouse, where he interviewed the seaman on their return from those long voyages that brought to the Londoner new articles of diet, and tales of discovery which soon became the talk of the city. "One of mine acquaintances," of Radcliffe, tells him of a fight on the banks of Newfoundland between the French and Spanish fishermen, and our clergyman-editor reproduces the story with a delightful gusto that would have done credit to the art of Hazlitt. He hears from another that the Inquisition, or rather a branch of that institution, has been transferred from its first home near Seville to the new world; and his comment shows that though the theory of toleration, as that doctrine is now understood, was unknown to him, or for the matter of that to any one else at that time, he had an Englishman's thorough-going hatred of the cruelty practised by this new agency of the old church.

Hakluyt listened sympathetically to the story of the first attempt to colonise Virginia and Florida, and, later, he writes a treatise on this important subject which we may surmise was read by young Francis Bacon, while he was waiting for briefs, with results that I have already suggested. Hakluyt's interviews are not limited to the rough seamen on London wharfs, but he has long talks

with Sir John Hawkins, who, after extraordinary exploits at sea, has been placed in charge of Her Majesty's navy, and with a sum barely sufficient for the purchase of a present-day torpedo boat, is held responsible for the upkeep of a navy destined in a few years to meet and vanquish, with the help of the elements, the Armada of Spain. Young Walter "Rally," so we learn, gave Hakluyt valuable assistance in the compilation of the *Western Voyages*; and William Borrough, clerk to the navy, furnished the sea historian with much technical information without which the hand of the mere landsman would have been more visible than it is. Anthony Jenkinson, who had travelled far and wide in Russian lands, and whose long white beard had been stroked in admiration by Ivan the Terrible, furnished Hakluyt with a graphic account of his wanderings in the then far North East. Lord Burleigh made the historian welcome to his new mansion in which was to be seen the fine collection of curiosities presented to him by travellers returned from distant lands. Home and foreign cosmographers and scholars were among his correspondents, and rendered him generous assistance in gathering the material for his great work.

That Hakluyt was a preacher of the gospel, and not inclined to compromise with the claims of his calling, may be inferred from the reticence with which he describes Drake's piratical exploits on the Spanish Main.

His prefaces are confidential, and a little querulous at times, as though he were highly strung, and absorbed in his task of giving a full and complete account of all that had been recorded of travel by land and by sea. His style is pre-eminently Elizabethan—grave and measured, but wonderfully vivid. He brings the reader and narrator together, and does not obtrude, as he puts it—"those

weary volumes being the titles of universal cosmography which some men that I could name have published as their own." Each man's name (he goes on to say) is appended to his record, "so that he may answer for himself, justify his reports, and stand accountable for his doings." And as we shall now take leave of Hakluyt, though not of his work, it may be added, despite what he said in one of his prefaces from which a quotation has been made, he was recognised immediately after the publication of his first folio as one of the greatest living authorities on matters connected with the sea, and, as such, he was frequently consulted by Cecil, Walsingham, and others. He was liberally rewarded by lucrative church preferment, a mode of recognition for state service that made no demand upon the Tudor purse, and he left a fair estate to an unworthy son. Hakluyt died a few months after Shakespeare, on 23rd November, 1616, and was buried in Westminster Abbey; and though Archdeacon of our national Pantheon, his grave is unknown, but what matters this to a man whose monument is the magnificent collection recently published in twelve handsome volumes by Messrs. MacLehose, with an introduction by Professor Walter Raleigh which, in beauty of diction, brings into delightful relationship the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Hakluyt arranged his *Voyages* after the following order:—First those to the south and south-east; next the north-east, which were under our Saxon kings; and last the voyages to the west—"the beginnings," as he puts it, "of the two English colonies planted in Virginia."

Among the first voyages in point of interest was that of Robert Baker (1562), who tells in rough, sailor-like fashion how he was robbed by negroes, and the desperate fight that he had with the savages on the coast of

Guinea—the premonition of the enslavement of these people. Next we have the interesting voyage of Fenner to Cape Verde, in 1567. Newberry tells of trade done in the far Levant, and laments the poor prices which he obtained for his goods in Babylon, due to the competition of Persian traders. John Eldred (1583) informed London that the “Euphrates was the width of the Thames at Lambeth.” The famous trader made his way through various countries to Palestine, “of which places,” he writes, “because others have published large discourses, I should cease to write.” Eldred’s companion, John Fitch, visited, on his own account, Bengal, Malacca, and “all the coast of East India.” His descriptions of these places are almost the earliest writings we have on the East. He tells us that in dealing with Arab tribes, “a gun is very good, for they do fear it very much.” The Brahmins of India he rates as a kind of craft people, worse than the Jesuits. He is still less charitable to the holy men of India, whom he stigmatises as “lazy lubbers and dissembling hypocrites.” Some people will infer from the statement that the women of Guzerat would rather be without their meat than without their bracelets, that society in some respects is stationary. Agra, with its magnificent buildings, he thought “much greater than London.” And so this old traveller goes on with his narrative of eight years’ close observation of the many strange lands that he visited.

Raymond and Lancaster’s venture was by sea, and mainly in the South Atlantic. Near Malacca they boarded a rich galleon, laden, as the pirate puts it hypocritically, “with counterfeit stones to deceive the rude Indians withal.” These mariners landed at Rye, in Sussex, in May, 1594, bringing the news of the discovery of the coast of China.

Of voyages to the north and north-east, that of Chancellor and Willoughby was of great interest. Of still greater interest was the one made by Jenkinson. He was the greatest land traveller of his time, and the first to make England and Russia acquainted with each other. Indeed, he established a kind of *entente cordiale* between the two nations, which was the first relationship of this description between England and a foreign nation. But these and many other names are quite subsidiary to those of Hawkins, Frobisher, Drake, and Raleigh. Hawkins expresses, perhaps better than anyone else, the spirit of mercantile enterprise that, on the one hand, was in search for new markets where English goods could be exchanged for new and much sought after over-sea products, and, on the other, was in rebellion against the jealous and exclusive restrictions imposed by Spain upon trade and commerce that did not belong to herself.

There was also growing up with this commercial hostility to Spain, political jealousy and fear of her. She was the predominant power in Europe at the time of the accession of Philip II, and there seemed no limit to his ambition. Hers was the controlling hand in Austria, Italy, and the Low Countries, and, in virtue of the Pope's award, she claimed possession of all that was known or likely to be known of the New World. The wealth that she drew from commerce and from her American possessions enabled her to build navies and equip the armies that patrolled the ocean, and extended her power by land. France, in defence and competition, either by means of her privateers, mainly Huguenot, or openly, was in a state of chronic warfare with this colossal power. England, for the reasons already given, was ready and eager for conflict with this thoroughly detested rival. Spain barred the way to the East, and England, driven by a strange destiny that



no human philosophy can explain, made every effort to find a path across the seas that would bring her to those lands which she was predestined to rule and civilise. First there were the attempts to reach the east by the north-east, chief of which was that made by Willoughby, in which, with the crews of two of his vessels, he perished in the frozen regions of Lapland; and then there were the efforts to find a passage by the north-west into the Pacific, fruitless so far as the immediate purpose was concerned, but not so in that it made known to Elizabethans North America. But discovery in the sixteenth century was in a measure evolutionary; at the beginning it had no higher ideal than that of individual profit, and the chief exponent, as has been suggested, of this mercenary motive was John Hawkins, born in 1532. Hawkins was the son of William Hawkins, a well-to-do freeman of Plymouth, and the boy, at an early age, was apprenticed to the sea, and had learnt during one of his voyages that "negroes were very good merchandise in Hispaniola, that they might easily be had upon the coast of Guinea." With the assistance of wealthy friends he fitted out three vessels, and sailed for Sierra Leone in 1562, and partly by force, and partly by other means—I quote his own words—he

took on board three hundred negroes at the coast, and with that prey he sailed over the ocean sea into the Isles of Hispaniola, at the several ports of which, standing always upon his guard, and trusting the Spaniard no further than his own strength, he was able to master them, he sold his English wares and all his negroes.

He received by way of exchange hides, sugar, ginger, and some pearls, with which he loaded his own three ships, besides freighting two other hulks with hides, which he sent into Spain. The hulks with their freights were confiscated, inflicting a loss upon Hawkins & Company of

upwards of £20,000; but, showing the enormous profits of these voyages, there was still a handsome balance left to the adventurers.

A second expedition soon followed, one of the saddest on record, for the negroes were not captured without bloodshed, and it was by force of arms and many falsehoods that Hawkins compelled the Spaniards to purchase the living freight. But a better side of Hawkins's trading is witnessed in the assistance he gave to a starving French colony in Florida. The second slave venture was even more profitable than the first, and as the Queen was a shareholder, he received substantial marks of her favour. A third voyage, planned and carried out very much on the lines of the previous voyage, was undertaken. Hawkins, driven by stress of weather, or in the hope of plunder, made his way into the harbour of San Juan de Lua, better known to us as Vera Cruz. He was soon followed by the Spanish fleet, but after three days of apparently friendly negotiation he was, so he said, fired upon without any warning, and with difficulty reached the open sea with only two small vessels, one in charge of young Francis Drake, and after great hardships and the loss of all his wealth, and nearly all his men, he reached England in 1567. The story that Hawkins told of his treatment by the Spaniards produced the wildest excitement in London, and it was with difficulty that the cautious statesman at the head of affairs prevented an immediate rupture with Spain. Passing over the sad reflection that the voyages of Hawkins associated England with the slave trade in its worst form, he made known the fact that Spain was not invulnerable at sea, and that even her coast towns could with a small force be taken and destroyed.

The narrative of the first voyage of Hawkins is by Hakluyt, and possibly written at the dictation of the

mariner himself. The second and more adventurous voyage is by John Sparke who was an eye-witness of all that he describes. Sparke had the gift of style, for his narrative is vivid, and in places picturesque. That he was observant and far-seeing the following comment on America abundantly proves:—

The commodities of this land are more than are yet known to any man: for besides the land itself, whereof there is more than any Christian king is able to inhabit, it flourisheth with meadow.

He begins his narrative with the interesting information:—

Master John Hawkins, with the *Jesus* of Lubeck, a ship of 700; and the *Solomon*, a ship of 140; the *Tiger*, a bark of 50; and the *Swallow*, of 30 tons, being all well furnished with men to the number of one hundred three-score and ten; as also with ordnance and victual requisite for such a voyage, departed out of Plymouth the 18 day of October, in the year 1564, with a prosperous wind.

The death of an officer through an accident made a “sorrowful beginning to them all.” A storm three days later scattered the little fleet, which led to an order by which the vessels were instructed as to how they were to act in the event of separation. The order ends:—

Serve God daily. Love one another. Preserve your victuals. Beware of fire, and keep good company.

Sparke’s observations on the negroes convey the idea that he regarded these degraded tribes, not without some justification, as on a level with the beasts. He writes:—

Of very late, a vessel being driven to water was in the night set upon by the inhabitants who cut the cable whereby they were driven ashore, and so taken by them and eaten.

An element of credulity appears here and there in this interesting narrative. Speaking of the crocodile, he says:—

His nature is ever when he would have his prey, to cry and sob

like a Christian body, to provoke them to come to him, and then he snatches at them: and therefore come this proverb that is applied unto women when they weep, *lackryma crocodile*, the meaning whereof is, that the crocodile when he crieth goeth about most to deceive, so doth a woman most commonly when she weepeth.

The courtesies of the sea and the continued friendship with the French are manifest in the statement that after the food had been exhausted, and the men were on the point of starvation, a French vessel was sighted, and on coming alongside and learning the condition of things, transferred to the English ship sufficient food to carry them to the end of the voyage, refusing to take payment for the provisions so generously given. Sparke writes:—

We came home to Padstow, in Cornwall, God be thanked, forgetting the privations of the voyage, in safety, with the loss of twenty persons in all the voyage, but with great profit to the venturers of the said voyage, as also to the whole realm in bringing home both gold, silver, pearls, and othes jewels of great store. His name therefore be praised for evermore. Amen.

And with this godly ending we bid farewell to the excellent Mr. Sparke.

The history of Hawkins's third voyage was written by himself, and has nothing like the interest of the one described by Sparke. Hawkins's tale is brief and sailor-like, and does not travel beyond a statement of the affair of San Juan de Lua, in which he charges the Spaniards with the grossest treachery, and exculpates himself. This is a case, I am afraid, of the pot calling the kettle black. Hawkins could on occasion lie with all the art of a Tudor or Spanish diplomatist. Still, we cannot but sympathise with the brave adventurer when we read:—

If all the miseries and troublesome affairs of this sorrowful voyage should be perfectly and thoroughly written, there should need a painful man with his pen, and as great a time as he had that wrote the lives and deaths of the martyrs.

The last allusion is to Foxe's *Martyrs*, a book well known to seamen, and one that greatly accentuated the dislike to Spain, on account of the religious cruelty which she was popularly believed to practice upon all seamen who fell into her hands.

Martin Frobisher was a Yorkshireman by birth, and in early boyhood was apprenticed to the sea. He was the friend of Hawkins and Drake, and, as we shall see, an enthusiast in his profession. His first experience was in the African trade, and no doubt he made ventures in those expeditions that brought great gain to those engaged in them. The record of Frobisher's three voyages was written by George Best, in part from personal observation, and in part from notes supplied to the writer by Frobisher. Best was one of Frobisher's officers, and in a later voyage was in command of a vessel. He, too, was a master of a rich, vigorous style, and his narratives, with Hakluyt's emendations, had an immense popularity, and were speedily translated into French and Italian, showing that England was now repaying with interest that which she had borrowed from other nations.

Frobisher was one of the first, and certainly the most persistent, in the search for a north-west passage from Europe to Asia. It ought to be repeated that it was a matter of vital moment to English commerce—the discovery of a direct northern route to the east. The south-west passage, discovered, in 1520, by Magellan, was under the control of Spain, and its use was absolutely forbidden to any other power, while the Portuguese claimed the exclusive right to trade with India and China by the Cape of Good Hope. The geographical ideas of the time, and which are fully endorsed by Hakluyt, were strongly in favour of the possibility of reaching the Pacific by the north. But with this belief there was growing up the idea

shadowy though it was, that these northern climes were suitable for colonisation. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, only a few years before Frobisher made his first voyage, and in a pamphlet which Hakluyt has preserved, wrote:—

England ought to inhabit some part of these countries, and settle there such needy people of our country which now trouble the commonwealth, and through want here at home are enforced to commit outrageous offences, whereby they are daily consumed with the gallows.

This, it will be seen, was the idea of a penal settlement abroad, but it was the idea that in the lifetime of the writer blossomed into the more fragrant conception of an over-sea home for the honest surplus population of Elizabethan England. Frobisher was supplied with elaborate directions for the selection of countries for colonisation purposes, such as the suitability of the soil for agriculture, temperature, the abundance and quality of timber, and the kinds of fruit either growing or that could be grown, and so on, all showing a certain largeness of view in the minds of the shipowners of London, Deptford, and Bristol, for to these men, and not to the government, belongs the credit of these larger national impulses.

In 1576 Frobisher, with the assistance of the Earl of Warwick and a few others, fitted up three vessels, the largest of which was only twenty-five tons, for a voyage to the north-west. Best writes:—

One of the boats wherein he went was named the *Gabriel*, and the other the *Michael*, and, sailing north-west from England, upon the 11 July, he had sight of high and rugged land, which he judged to be Friesland (Greenland), whereof some authors have made mention; but durst not approach the same by reason of the great store of ice that lay along the coast, and the great mists that troubled them not a little. Not far from them he cast company of his small pinnace, which by means of the great storm he supposed to be snowed up of the sea, wherein he lost only four men. Also the

other bark, the *Michael*, mistrusting the matter, conveyed themselves privately away and returned home, with great report that he was cast away.

This, happily, was not so. Frobisher, after passing Cape Farewell, drifted northward with the ice current until he reached the icebound shores to the north of Hudson's Straits, which, had he followed, would have taken him into the Bay of that name, but he found an inlet from the sea which he fully believed was the long sought-for north-west passage. This was the news that Frobisher brought home, along with several Esquimaux, whom he had beguiled on board his vessel in retaliation for the capture by the natives of five of his own men, whose fate was never discovered, beyond the rumour that the poor fellows built themselves a vessel in which they started for home.

Frobisher also brought home ore, which was found to contain gold, and in the belief that he had found a country rich with the precious mineral, he was despatched on his second voyage. Best writes :—

The Queen found him with one tall ship named the *Aid*, of two hundred tons, and there were two other vessels of 30 tons each. On Whit Sunday, 26 May, 1577, early in the morning, we weighed anchor at Blackwall, and followed the tide down to Gravesend, where we remained until Monday at night. On Monday morning on board the *Aid* we received the Communion by the minister of Gravesend, and prepared us as good Christians towards God, and resolute men for all fortunes, and toward night we departed toward Tilbury Hope. We touched at Harwich and put ashore many proper men, which, with unwilling minds, departed.

This was in consequence of an order that he must on no account take with him more than 120 men. The order also gave Frobisher the excuse for sending ashore the six criminals who were to be landed in Greenland. The net result of this second voyage was a cargo of mineral,

which, after long disputing and much quarrelling, Hakluyt sententiously remarks proved that "all that glisteneth is not gold."

Frobisher was again despatched on his third and last voyage with somewhat better geographical results than the previous one. He advanced considerably upon all previous knowledge of the seas and lands of the northernmost coasts of America. The hardships endured were very great. "They never saw one day or hour," writes Best, "wherein they were not troubled with continual danger and fear of death." Buffeted with wind and ice, and stricken with disease due to the want of proper food, the wonder is that anyone returned to tell the story of this voyage. But heroism was not the monopoly of the rough sailor of the Frobisher type of character. Every expedition carried a clergyman, whose duty it was in the first place to look after the spiritual welfare of the sailors, and after that to seek the conversion of the natives of the discovered lands. Enthusiasm for the saving of souls and the love of adventure have frequently been found in healthy association in the clergy of all denominations, and particularly in that of the Church of England. It was so with many chaplains of the Tudor period. Best writes:—

Master Wolfall, the chaplain of Frobisher's third voyage, being well seated and settled at home in his own country, with a good and large living, having a good honest woman to wife, and very towardly children, being of good reputation among the best, refused not to take in hand this painful voyage, for the only care he had to save souls, and to reform these infidels, if it were possible, to Christianity, and also partly for the great desire he had that this notable voyage, so well begun, might be brought to perfection; and therefore he was content to stay there the whole year, if occasion served, being in every necessary action as forward as the resoluteest men of all.

We have a glimpse of Master Wolfall, after months of great hardship, celebrating the Communion for the first



time in these pagan lands, and going from ship to ship cheering the men with words of Christian comfort. Religion had its place, and an important place, in stimulating the drooping energies of the men in quest of new worlds. Frobisher lost not only his own savings in this venture, for he failed to find any gold, but also the private fortune of his wife. The lady wrote an indignant letter to Walsingham, complaining that the money left to her by a former husband had all gone, and that she and her children were starving. Some reparation must have been made Mrs. Frobisher, for, though not entrusted with the command of a fourth expedition, her husband was knighted, and in the Armada was appointed to command the *Dreadnought*. He was severely wounded in the sea-fight off Brest, and died in 1599. Frobisher was undoubtedly a great discoverer, and not without a large measure of that imaginative outlook that had some vision, hazy though it was, of the colonial future of those northern countries. His was the harder task in that his voyages were in regions in which impenetrable ice barred the way for long periods to the investigation of the arctic zone.

But England's idyll, the epic of our race, had its home in sunny southern seas rather than in the frozen north, and Francis Drake, more than any other of the brave men of Tudor times, is the hero of that epic.

Drake, born in 1540, near Tavistock, was one of a large family of sons, nearly all of whom were destined from boyhood for the sea. His father, a merchant adventurer, and, later, seaman's chaplain, and nearly related to the Hawkins family, had embraced the reformed faith—professions and predilections not without their influence on the mind and career of the son, and through him on English history.

The boy seems, though his school-days ended with his ninth or tenth year, to have been fairly well educated. Indeed, in a fairly wide course of reading for the purpose of this paper, I have not met a single uneducated seaman; one and all, by some means or other, had acquired considerably more than the elements of a good education, thanks to the old grammar schools and the interest of the parent in the education of his child.

Francis was apprenticed to a captain engaged in the coasting trade, and the boy, says Fuller, "underwent a hard service"; but rough though the training was, it was sound, and, writes Camden, "the youth being painful and diligent, so pleased the old man by his industry that, being a bachelor, at his death he bequeathed his bark unto him." Soon Drake gave up the coasting trade, and made one or two voyages to the Spanish Main. We have already met him in command of the *Judith*, under his cousin, John Hawkins, in the unfortunate expedition that almost came to an end in the disaster of San Juan de Lua. The year following his return home was partly spent in futile claims against Spain for the losses he had suffered, and in making preparations for a voyage on his own account, which was to be in the nature of taking the law into his own hands, and exacting his own compensation. Two voyages were made with these benevolent intentions, and with sufficient encouragement to induce him to make a third on a larger scale than the previous ventures. He sailed out of Plymouth on May 24, 1572, for Nombre de Dios, better known to us as Porto Bello, the depôt for wealth from Peru and Mexico to Panama, where it could be shipped to Spain. In due time the expedition reached a small harbour, discovered by Drake on one of his previous voyages, in the Gulf of Daren. A fortnight later he put to sea, and at the Isle of Pines came

up with two Spanish vessels manned by slaves, whom he liberated. A few days later he landed at Nombre de Dios, and, after a sharp fight, plundered the town of its wealth; in that assault he was severely wounded, but his recovery was speedy, and without loss of time he sailed into the harbour of Carthagena, and in sight of the inhabitants captured a large ship, and transferred to his own vessel its valuable cargo. He marched across the isthmus, and, reaching the highest point of the land, he climbed a tree and saw on the one hand the North Sea which he had left, and the South Sea towards which he was sailing, the first Englishman, so far as we know, to see the Pacific. "He besought Almighty God," so the record goes on to say, "of his goodness to give him life, and leave to sail once in an English ship in that sea." Drake made his way to Panama, but by a mishap rather characteristic of our seamen—the noisy drunkenness of one of his men, which gave the alarm—he missed the rich caravan that he had hoped to intercept, and after sacking Vera Cruz, he returned to his ship, on his way robbing a convoy laden with silver, on the march to the coast.

He reached Plymouth on Sunday, 9 August, 1573, during sermon time, when the news of Drake's return did so speedily pass over all the church and surpass their minds with desire and delight to see him, that very few or none remained with the preacher, all hastening to see the evidence of God's love and blessing towards our gracious Queen and country.

No English expedition prior to this one had achieved anything like the success of this voyage. All who shared in it profited greatly, and it made known once more the fact that Spain was vulnerable on land as well as on the sea. There is a tradition that between the second and third voyages Drake was despatched from Liverpool with troops for service in Ireland; the truth of this tradition is

doubtful; what is authentic is that he was soon at work organising his next voyage, which was to eclipse all previous ventures at sea. Among the contributors to the cost of this expedition, the destination of which was carefully concealed, were the Queen, Lord Burleigh, and Walsingham. Drake sailed from Plymouth, 13th December, 1577, with five vessels, the largest of which was only 100 tons, ostensibly for the Mediterranean, but really for the coast of Brazil. After many hardships the fleet, reduced to three vessels, reached the entrance to the Straits of Magellan, never before navigated by Englishmen. Without chart or information of any description, the daring seaman made his way through the passage to the Pacific. A furious storm, which lasted fifty-two days, robbed Drake of the *Marigold* and its brave crew. The remaining vessel, losing sight of the *Golden Hind*, returned home and reported that Drake had been lost. But Drake at this time was very much alive. He sailed down the Pacific coast plundering Spanish towns and vessels, until he suddenly discovered that he had reached the extremity of the American Continent, which disproved the general belief that America stretched without break into the south Arctic regions. Turning northward, and avoiding the homeward route through Magellan's Strait, knowing that the Spanish would be awaiting him on the Atlantic side, he made his way as far as Vancouver's Island, with the intention of finding his way to England by the north-west passage, if such existed. The extreme cold, and the condition of his men and vessel made this attempt impossible. He turned once more south, reaching the coast of California. Putting into a bay, he repaired his much battered ship, and was crowned by the Indians as their king. He named this part of the New World New America, and claimed it for the Queen. He next

struck across to the Philippines, and after adventures among these islands that exceed in romance anything ever known, he made his way back by the Cape of Good Hope, and, after an absence of nearly three years, he sailed into Plymouth Sound, 26th September, 1580. He had long been given up as lost, and great was the public joy when it was known that he was alive. The wealth that he brought home was very great, and its disposal, along with his depredations abroad, furnished the diplomatists of the two countries with matter for disputes for many months to come, and also the Queen with ample opportunities for the exercise of her unrivalled gifts of lying. The narrative of this famous voyage, the first made by an Englishman round the globe, was written by Francis Pretty, one of Drake's gentleman-at-arms.

The record is brief, but graphic. In it we see the venturesomeness and resourcefulness of the great seaman. The unknown seemed to have no terrors for him, and difficulties, in his case, were made to be overcome. Concerned for the welfare of his men, on occasion he did not hesitate to act in place of both medical man and minister of religion; he did not neglect to keep up a certain kind of state on board his own vessel; he was served on rich plate, and with music. He could be severe on occasion, especially with the young bloods to whom discipline was an unknown principle. There is a story, told by Pretty, of the trial and execution of Master Thomas Doughty, which once read can never be forgotten. He writes:—

Wherefore the company was called together and made acquainted with the particulars of the cause, which were found, partly by Master Doughty's own confession, and partly by the evidence of the fact, to be true. Which, when our general saw, although his private affection to Master Doughty, as he then in the presence of us all sacredly protested, was great, yet the care he had of the state of the

voyage, of the expectation of Her Majesty, and of the honour of his country, did more touch him, as indeed it ought, than the private respect of one man. So that the cause being thoroughly heard, and all things done in good order as near as might be to the course of our laws in England, it was concluded that Master Doughty should receive punishment according to the quality of the offence. And he, seeing no remedy but patience for himself, desired before his death to receive the Communion, which he did at the hands of Master Fletcher, our minister, and our general himself accompanied him in that holy action. Which being done, and the place of execution made ready, he, having embraced our general, and taken leave of all the company, with prayers for the Queen's Majesty and our realm, in quiet sort laid his head to the block, where he ended his life. This being done, our general made divers speeches to the whole company, persuading us to unity, obedience, love, and regard of our voyage; for the better confirmation thereof, willed every man the next Sunday following to prepare himself to receive the Communion, as Christian brethren and friends ought to do. Which was done in very reverent sort; and so with good contentment every man went about his business.

All this is typical of the men and the great period in which they lived. The subordination of private friendship to the call of duty, the stern insistence on discipline, the absence of petty malice, the association in all sincerity of religion with the duty in hand, the adherence to both the spirit and form of legal procedure—though the agents were in another hemisphere—these are the national characteristics exhibited in these remote seas that explain the successes that followed these voyages. Two more famous voyages were made by Drake, the one before and the other after the Armada, but in the one described he had accomplished the mission of his life; he had made the struggle with Spain for the command of the sea inevitable. He had shown his countrymen what could be accomplished with well-built, if small craft. Spain, crippled in reputation and realising her weakness, but without the

resourcefulness that would have made good what she lacked, was half beaten before the Armada left her ports. Drake had his share in the work of preparation for the great fight, and on the day of battle there was no more active agent in the destruction of the great Armada than the heroic son of Devon. It seems in the natural order of things that the great career that began on the ocean should end there, and so it was. He died January 28, 1595, and was buried off Porto Bello. "He was as famous," says Stow, "in Europe and America as Tamburlaine in Asia." And when it was known that he was gone it seemed to the Spanish people as though the nation had passed from under an eclipse.

Contemporaneous with the voyage of Drake, the work of discovery in the north proceeded apace, not so much in the expectation of finding the north-west passage, but with the view of finding countries suitable as English settlements. Pressure of population was not the only explanation of these projects, but rather the policy of the expulsion of the Spaniards from America—the striking at the enemy through her foreign possessions—an experience that possibly lies before England herself.

The exponent of great ideals, great because its realisation was the beginning of our colonial system, was Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the half brother of Sir Walter Raleigh. Gilbert, like many other titled men of his time, had been attracted to the sea from his boyhood, and the romance of the ocean was well suited to his adventurous disposition. He published a short treatise, included in Hakluyt's collection, showing how well adapted was North America for purposes of colonisation, and his voyages were undertaken from this point of view. But he added little to what was then known of these northern latitudes, and grave disasters were brought about by his sheer inability to accept

advice, or even information that was not his own. One of his disasters reads very much like a grave naval misadventure of our own time. He ordered the master of the *Delight* to follow a certain course; the master represented that if he did he would soon be on the sands. Gilbert angrily insisted upon his orders being obeyed, with the result that the vessel and nearly all on board perished. Against the advice of his friends, Gilbert attempted the homeward voyage in the *Squirrel*, a vessel too small for the Atlantic voyage in winter. Hayes writes:—

Monday, September 9, in the afternoon the frigate was near cast away, oppressed by waves, yet at that time recovered; and giving signs of joy, the general, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out to us in the *Hind*, so oft as he did approach within hearing, “we are as near to heaven by sea as by land”: reiterating the same speech, well becoming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify he was. The same Monday night about twelve by the clock, or not long after, the frigate being ahead of us in the *Golden Hind*, suddenly the lights were out, as it were, in a moment we lost the sight, and withal our watch cried the general was cast away, which was too true. For in that moment the frigate was devoured and swallowed up of the sea. Yet still we looked out all that night, and ever after until we arrived up the coast of England: omitting no small sail at sea, unto which we gave the tokens agreed upon to have perfect knowledge of each other, if we should at any time be separated.

If Gilbert were reckless, there is to his account a fair measure of useful discovery. He had also, as we have seen, opinions far in advance of his time as to the use of lands newly discovered. The co-partner and heir of his ideals was his half brother, Raleigh, between whom and Gilbert there seems to have been a genuine affection. Raleigh came of a Devonshire family of Puritan beliefs, and, like Drake, his early associations were those of the sea. In 1578, in his twenty-sixth year, he made his first



venture in partnership with Gilbert and his brother Carew, in an expedition the outcome of which was the loss of the greater part of his fortune. Six years later, during which period he had recovered his losses, he sailed for the West Indies and entered the Oregon inlet, and claimed for the Queen the adjacent mainland, to which Elizabeth gave the name of Virginia, the name by which the coast from Florida to Newfoundland was for a long period designated. All Raleigh's ventures were undertaken with the one purpose of forming settlements, and, with few exceptions, the places which he visited were left in the possession of colonists whom he carried with him. The fate of some of these early settlers is a story of great hardship and endurance, and worse in one case. In Roanoke, one hundred and six settlers were landed, and left with, it was thought, ample provision for their wants for months to come. On the arrival of a relief vessel, two years later, not a trace of the colonists could be found, and to this day the fate of these eighty-seven men, seventeen women, and two children is a mystery.

Raleigh's fame in his own day was due to his introduction into England of many products hitherto unknown in this country. He acclimatised the potato both in London and Ireland, and more important, with an increasing number of victims, he made known to his countrymen the use of tobacco. It may interest some present to hear that a proclamation was issued warning people against the imitation of the manners of savage peoples. Camden observes that it was feared that the English would degenerate thereby into barbarism, and who, in view of the prevalence of this habit, will venture to say that the old historian was wrong.

Time will not suffice to follow Raleigh in his various expeditions, and attempts to settle bodies of men and

women in various parts of Central America. Nor have we a word to say on his treatment by the least adventurous of men, James I, the antithesis of his audacious and lion-hearted predecessor. I have indicated by little more than a written gesture the great part he played in the expansion of England. He was a man of great faults of character, but he was a man of fine culture, and as ready with tongue as with pen; a born courtier, and not at all scrupulous in either tongue or action, but not concerned in the gain of gold; a true imperialist, intent on the extension of an England in America, whose agricultural possibilities he foresaw with clear vision. He was more than anyone else the real founder of Saxon America. "I shall live to see it an English nation," he said, but he saw only just the beginnings from his prison, the escape from which was by the axe.

I have little to say by way of epilogue. My task has been the not difficult one of following in the footsteps of the great explorers, of indicating that national expansion in the sixteenth century was in relationship, at times near, and at other times distant, to the great movement known as the Elizabethan Renaissance. The pioneers of that expansion were infected with the spirit of the age. One and all loved liberty and hated oppression; and the majority were touched to finer issues by the literature of the sea, which was for the first time brought together and made accessible to men prepared by the spirit of the age to appreciate and appropriate the story of adventure by sea and land. A certain largeness of vision was the characteristic of merchant sailors and writers, and this imaginative outlook was inextricably interwoven with the legitimate desire to earn profit.

Our navy sprang from, and was the child of, the commercial spirit of the nation, and let us hope that this

spirit of enterprise, the intellectual outlook that lies behind the discovery and opening of new markets for our manufactures, and the keen intelligence needed for the fashioning of improved methods of transport by sea and by land, will not fall behind the great era to which we may look for incentive and encouragement. No one can prognosticate the direction which the literature and philosophy of the future will take, but we may rest assured that the Elizabethan relationship between commerce and literature will become closer rather than more distant with the passing of time.



## THE SCHOOLMEN.

BY REV. E. A. WESLEY, M.A.

It was a bleak March day in the year 1829 when Elia, gentle Elia of all souls within the bills of mortality, bore away from a stall in the Barbican the whole theological works of Thomas Aquinas. To Bernard Barton, he writes:—

My arms ached with carrying it a mile to the stage, but the burden was a pleasure such as old Anchises was to the shoulders of Æneas, or the lady to the lover in the old romance, who, having to carry her to the top of a high mountain—the price of obtaining her—clambered with her to the top and fell dead with fatigue. Oh the glorious old schoolman! There must be something in him. Such names imply greatness. Who hath seen Michael Angelo's things—of us that never pilgrimaged to Rome—and yet, which of us disbelieves his greatness? How I will revel in his cobwebs and subtleties till my brain spins!

But the whole theological works of Thomas Aquinas were not attuned to the sensitive strings of Charles Lamb's lyre, and he was ready soon to part with his Anchises. On the 26th of October of the same year he writes to Gilman:—

How grieved I was to hear in what indifferent health Coleridge has been, and I not know of it! A little school divinity, well applied, may be healing. I send him honest Tom of Aquina; that was always an obscure great idea to me. I never thought or dreamed to see him in the flesh, but t'other day I rescued him from a stall in the Barbican, and brought him off in triumph. He comes to greet Coleridge's acceptance, for his shoe's latchet I am unworthy to unloose. Yet there are pretty *pros* and *cons*, and such unsatisfactory learning in him. Commend me to the question of etiquette: *Utrum annunciatio debuerit fieri per angelum.*—Quest. 30, Art. 2.

I protest till now I had thought Gabriel a fellow of some mark and livelihood, not a simple squire as I find him. Well, do not break your lay brains, nor I neither, with these curious nothings.

Thus did the nineteenth century appraise the work of the thirteenth. Great thoughts that thrilled the mind of mediæval Europe dwindle into curious nothings. The very cordage of the argosy, that once bore to the shores of time wisdom more precious than the topaz of Ethiopia and the gold of Ophir, shrinks and narrows to the tenuity of cobweb. So fall the mighty, and so do their weapons of war perish.

To understand the scholastic age in its quiddity, as Charles Lamb would have said, we must first comprehend what sort of times they were in which it was begotten, and what preceded them.

The long ages that prepared the way for scholasticism were, viewed from afar, and as a whole, times of constructive theology, of castle-building and theory, times of imaginative license and free speculation, when learning sat lightly on men's minds, and precedent and authority were held in small esteem. And this long period, covering many hundreds of years, had drawn to a feeble conclusion, in doubt and uncertainty, the mind after endless speculation turning wearily away to ask, "who will show us any good?"

There is a tide in the affairs of men, and so is there in their minds a cycle, if we may so call it, with spring, summer, autumn and winter seasons, when thoughts burst freshly forth from barren ground in fierce formative energy, times when they pass into rich confused summer florescence or into reminiscent autumn, dying at last in the sterility from which they took their rise.

We cannot trace this cycle from start to finish within the compass of a single generation, the circuit is too large,

sometimes, as in this instance, covering many centuries. But when viewed from a distance, foreshortened in the track of time, it will be seen that certain periods are pre-eminently creative, or to use the term of philosophy, "synthetic," others, again, learned or "analytic;" and that, succeeding a time of constructive activity, when the mind has given itself up to theorising and system-making, a season follows of doubt and disillusionment, when the theories that were built up with such labour fall into disrepute, and men begin to question whether any of them are really true. After this succeeds a time in which minds seek certainty in the learning of an earlier age, and probe the way darkly, step by step, to discover, if it may, among conflicting authorities, some real demonstrable facts about which no doubt can linger; and this age terminates in a season of scientific dogmatism. But the times march onward, and the thought of man never rests. The dogmas that satisfy, only satisfy for a time. Men begin to speculate again and raise their airy castles once more, and so, if nothing interrupts to turn the current aside, the old story is repeated, and the endless quest for truth is renewed.

From 640 B.C. to 460 B.C., that is from Thales to Democritus, Grecian thought was synthetic. This was followed by the agnosticism of the Sophists. After this, under Aristotle, the analytical period set in, which at last crystallized in scientific dogmatism. That ended the Grecian cycle; for then came political troubles which, like a canker worm, destroyed philosophy. In like manner, wherever a continuous line of thought can be segregated from parallel, simultaneous, and confusing lines, this periodicity may be detected in literature, art, science, politics, in fact everywhere. Thus, to take a modern example, in the growth of Liberalism in England during the 19th century, we can trace a complete circle; first, in

the opening years of the century, a synthetic stage, when theories were in the air, when every possible Utopia was dreamed of, when Bentham and Romily and Montague were leaders of creative thought, culminating in the Reform Bill. After that came a season of disappointment—a set back. Men found the theories of which so much had been expected produced actually very little change. Then a long period of analytical, painstaking, and minute legislation set in, lasting till the time of Stuart Mill, Cobden, Foster, and the economists, the age of scientific dogmatism. After this came Radicalism, Social Democracy, and Socialism, all successive waves of constructural reform. Thus, the 20th century opens with the same synthetic spirit that characterised the times of Bentham and Godwin. Take, again, the history of science in our country. The age of Newton was one of radical reconstruction, a formative age, which was succeeded after a time of uncertainty by a strongly marked analytical period, terminating in the scientific dogmatism of Huxley, Tyndall, and the men of the rigid eighties. Since then, fresh discoveries have shaken confidence in those inelastic dogmas, and so far at least as physical science is concerned, a wave of constructive hypothesis has swept over the world of thought, involving fresh theories of the constitution of matter and the nature of physical energy.

In each of these instances the completion of the cycle has been due to continuity of force. Many similar movements that promised well have died out before completing their round from want of initial energy, or through the interference of contrary forces. But whenever the line has been uninterrupted, and the initial energy has been sufficient, the sequence has been carried through as if thought were governed by a law determining its succes-



sive stages, which I would ask you to regard as the normal law of thought. That this uniformity has failed to secure adequate recognition is due to confusion arising out of the habit of associating radically different activities, analytical and synthetic, under the common name of reaction. All thought exhibits reaction. The cycle of thought is a cycle of reaction, and there are also minor motions that accompany these greater motions, and obscure them. But there is a vital difference between reactions due to a change of velocity and those due to a change of direction, just as there is a difference in nature between the minor waves that accompany a rising or an ebbing tide and the tidal wave itself. These minor movements, accelerations and retardations, due perhaps to the birth of some leader of thought, whose writings stimulate or set back the general movement, or it may be to some social disaster, conquest, plague or famine, may recur many times in the rising and falling of the tide. The trivial and momentary need not confuse us who seek for :—

Such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew out of the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

I have dwelt upon these principles of progressive thought at a length which I fear may have proved wearisome, because without a clear apprehension of the real character of the cycle to which it belongs we shall never rightly appraise the nature and value of the scholastic movement.

We will therefore apply the principle of tidal movements to the consideration of the conditions out of which scholasticism emerged. For a long period the progressive, though intermittent thought of Western Europe had developed on synthetic lines. This movement had originated with the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria, and had

spread into the west through the writings of the *pseudo* Dionysius, the Areopagite. By far the greatest of these speculative theologians was John Scotus Erigena. To the same school belonged our own Anselm, whose well-known *Cur Deus Homo* is a characteristic example of constructive and synthetic divinity. The writings of both these eminent theologians show how little they regarded the authority of the past. Their quotations from the Fathers are few, and even scripture they feel at liberty to deal with much as they please. They are system makers, imaginative rationalists seeking to justify the ways of God to man by idealistic methods. Two minor circumstances tended to prolong this speculative period; the scarcity of books and the isolation of scholars. Men were not likely to spend long years of study on the writings of the Fathers when they possessed only a fragment or two, and these probably in an imperfect form. The only school of learning for many years lay in an out-of-the-way corner in the far west in Ireland, where as yet civil disorder had not broken in upon the meditative calm. But the manuscripts which came from this secluded region were written in a script which few scholars of continental Europe were able to read. Thus the average European student was cut off from the great literature of the Patristic Age. His isolation also fostered lonely meditation, and this set him weaving speculative schemes, which at best could wear for awhile, resting as they did less upon intrinsic merit than on the reputation of their authors.

Now it is impossible to go on speculating for ever. Men tire of endless hypotheses, each of which seems good till it is superseded by something fresh. They want certainty. They ask importunately for a method of arriving at absolute truth, at truth depending on facts not on theories. We all know that feeling. It was very strong

in the early part of the thirteenth century. Speculation had not made men better. In the north of Europe all was confusion, irregularity, ignorance and corruption, as may be seen by any one who will follow the story of the struggle of St. Bruno, Archbishop of Cologne, to reform the church in Germany. Further south, and in Italy, the only respectable schools were frankly secular and taught by laymen, although practically every one admitted that the church was properly the custodian of truth and its teacher. It was an astonishment to the good people of Paris when Abelard arraigned the authority of the Church, in *Sic et Non*, proving that the Fathers and even Holy Scripture were full of contradiction. If, then, the Church spoke, if she spoke at all, with an uncertain voice, where was truth to be found, and where was the place of understanding? Once again the deep said it is not in me. The tidal wave was cresting over to its fall. The ebb had set in. Speculation was exhausted. It had done its best, but it had not found where truth lay, and men knew it. Some one has said that creeds die of being found out. If that is true of creeds, it is more obviously true of theories. They die because they no longer explain. Men in this mood want facts not theories. Grasp that and you understand the reason for scholasticism.

It was to the Fathers that Abelard went as an Agnostic in his search for error, and it was to the Fathers that Peter Lombard went as a devout Catholic in his search for truth. For Peter Lombard reasoned that the church, being the guardian of eternal truth, it was in her libraries that he would discover it. Hid he knew it would be amid a mass of pious discourses, exhortations, or polemics, but industry could unearth it however deeply buried. It should be his task to restore it to daylight, and to free it from incumbrances, expressing it, if necessary, in clearer

language, but neither to add nor diminish from the truth set forth by accepted authority. Accordingly he redacted the writings of those ancients whose works were still accessible—Ambrose, Hilary, Augustine, Cassiodorus, and Remigius—selecting from them the doctrines of the faith.

These he arranged in four books, the first containing forty-eight distinctions on the doctrine of the Trinity, foreknowledge, and freedom; the second, forty-four distinctions on angels, demons, creation of man, original sin, and the modes and penalties of sin; the third, forty distinctions on the doctrine of the incarnation, redemption, virtues, and graces; and the fourth, fifty distinctions on the sacraments, church offices, and sundry omitted doctrines, such as the resurrection and the four last things.

The book secured an immense and immediate success, quite out of proportion to its intrinsic merits. It was what men wanted, and that after all is the most important thing, and for many years the *Sentences* of Peter Lombard remained the text-book of the church.

About this time the logical and grammatical works of Aristotle became known in Western Europe, through Latin translations derived from Arabic sources. During the long synthetic period the laws of thought, though known to a few students, were practically forgotten, and now that learning was being revived, and the writings of the ancients had become the subject of curiosity, it became imperative to employ the Aristotelian dialectic to sift truth from error. The syllogism, with its methodical conversions, was an instrument originally devised for this purpose in the schools of ancient Greece. Albertus Magnus and the lecturers of his time boldly adopted it in spite of its heathen origin. At first this aroused hostility from the more conservative churchmen, who resented the adoption of a dialectic derived as they thought from a

tainted source, but this opposition disappeared when it was found what a valuable help the dialectic was in the consolidation of dogma. The writings of Albertus Magnus are extensive, and cover an enormous field, for the efforts of the earlier schoolmen rapidly extended beyond the limits of theology, and were directed towards the task of co-ordinating the whole mass of human learning under the ægis of theology. The most distinguished pupil of Albertus Magnus was Thomas, youngest son of the Count of Aquino. Around this saint, doctor, and theologian, legend has twined many wreaths. We hear of a hermit, Bonus, announcing the child's future greatness to his mother before his birth; of a miraculous escape from destruction by lightning when his little sister was killed; of a golden crown, mystic and wonderful, hovering over his infant head. While yet a young child in the baths of Naples, a roll is thrust into his hand by some unseen being, on which was written Ave Maria. The child ate it up. Legend tells of the boy's lap full of broken meat for the poor turning into roses; of persecutions and temptations such as assailed Anthony; from all of which he emerges a clean, unspotted soul. What we do know of him would occupy a very small space, although his biographer, Vaughan, spins it out into two thick volumes. Thomas studied under Albertus at Cologne, where his taciturnity won for him the nick-name of the dumb ox, and the story runs that his teacher prophetically declared that he might indeed be a dumb ox now, but when he chose to open his lips his bellowings would fill the world. Like Albertus he was a prolific writer, an able administrator, and a scholar of wide range. With his *Catena Aurea* I have nothing to do. It was in its day a useful commentary, but there is nothing particular to distinguish it from other writings of the time. His treatises on *Kingly Rule* is of much greater

interest, but the book having been dealt with at some length by Poole, I refer to it merely in passing as a work of great enlightenment and liberality. It is the *Summa* of St. Thomas which demands more careful consideration, far more than is possible in a paper like this. This work is divided into three parts. The first treats of God, the second of man, and the third of the God-man.

The first is occupied with the perfections, works, and providence of God, physical, metaphysical, and Biblical. It contains 119 questions, subdivided into 590 articles. The second, treating of man, is divided into two sections, the first having 114 questions and 614 articles; the second 189 questions and 924 articles. The third part, treating of the God-man, is incomplete. It only proceeds to the 90th question, the rest being extracted from the *Sentences* of Peter Lombard, from the *Catena Aurea*, and from notes of later date. Thus extended it contains 99 questions and about 400 articles.

The whole *Summa* embraces 512 questions and about 2500 articles. It is a large work; the twelfth Paris edition contains 4960 closely printed octavo pages. Besides this there is an additional volume called the *Questions*, treating of matters of various kinds, some of them of trifling interest, such as whether the human voice has power to control snakes. This book, however, I incline to think is of composite authorship. The article on the multiple interpretation of Scripture may belong to Thomas. Though brief, it is able; but such questions as whether the blood shed in the Passion returned to the resurrection body of the Saviour, and a multitude more of this sort, probably belong to a later time.

The *Summa* is still the chief Roman authority on points of doctrine. The present Pope urges a closer study of its pages as a remedy for Modernism. The Thirty-nine

Articles of the Church of England are largely drawn from the *Summa* of Thomas, which is in fact the authority for nine-tenths of the systematic theology of modern Christendom. So great was the value set upon it by the Church of Rome down to the Reformation, that in the council chamber in which the Fathers of the Church gathered for the Council of Trent, the *Summa* and the Bible lay side by side, the only books admitted to that august assembly.

Each article in Thomas is subdivided into five sections.

1st. A statement of the doctrine discussed.

2nd. Objections to the doctrine, rational and authoritative.

3rd. Answers to the objections.

4th. Positive arguments in favour of the doctrine.

5th. Dogmatic restatement of the dogma.

In all cases the objections are set out fully and with the utmost impartiality. Not even our own Jeremy Taylor, who, of all writers, stands out conspicuous for his fairness to opponents, can excel Thomas in his treatment of objections. Thomas Aquinas has no bias. Like a judge he sits apart and hears the pleadings unmoved. There is never a trace of undue leniency. The answers are given with absolute logical exactitude. Finally, the Catholic doctrine is stated in the tersest form. Schoolmen have often been charged with speculating. There is no speculation in Thomas, nor indeed in any reputable schoolmen. One and all they observe the laws of deductive logic. Their method is invariably analytical. Given the schoolmen's absolute unquestioning faith in the authorities they cite, and their conclusions follow as the conclusions of Euclid. The method of the *Summa* is strictly scientific, the matter alone belongs to an earlier and more speculative age. It cannot be too clearly stated that the

schoolmen were not speculative thinkers. On the contrary, they were the very slaves of authority. No scientific man has appealed more consistently to facts than did Thomas and his followers to their facts. Their view of facts was of course peculiar. A fact to them was what had been set down in an accepted authority. On faith of authority they discussed the nature of angels and many matters that lie wholly out of human ken, and they occupied themselves very largely with such matters, but not speculatively. Taking what they found set forth in the Fathers, they drew from them plain logical consequences. What they lacked, and what would have kept them from vain subtleties, was a critical discernment of values, and of this they had not a trace. The popular charge levied against them is that they quibbled about how many angels could dance on the point of a needle, a stock school question, probably devised to elicit from students whether spiritual beings were by nature conditioned by the categories of time and space, or only so by their own consent. Milton assumes the latter when he makes his demons, entering the hall of hell, reduce themselves to small dimensions. Stated in its crudity the proposition seems stupid enough, but not in its implication. Thought is a spiritual phenomena. Does thought occupy space? Most people would unhesitatingly reply, no. If so, how is it that the brain of the scholar is heavier and its surface far more deeply convoluted than that of an ignorant person? Again, does electricity occupy space? Most people would reply, no; it is matter electrified, not the electricity, that occupies space. But if that is the case, how is it that the current that can be sent along a wire is directly proportional to the surface measurement of the wire? You see how a simple problem grows perplexing when forced to a logical conclusion. To the mediæval mind all knowledge



seemed possible. If authorities were silent, if the human reason was baffled, you had but to consult an Arabic sage, who would ask the devil, who of course knew all things, and you would get an immediate answer. And if all knowledge was possible, why should not all knowledge be systematically tabulated? Never did knowledge seem so nearly in the grasp of man as it did to these enthusiastic inquirers. The world was all before them. Their ambitions were enormous, and so was their industry. Theirs was a learned age. Men read books not to forget them, as we do, but to drag out of them their heart's content. I have shown how much of their work was vitiated by their uncritical methods of interpretation and their want of a sense of value. But there was another source of error that was constantly leading them into dismal quagmires and sterile wastes. Whenever they used a word they believed there was a thing behind it which that word represented. Whether that thing was subjective or objective, still it was in their opinion a thing. From this error arose an enormous mass of subtle distinctions that to us appear mere word play. Conversely, if they found two words meaning actually the same, they set to work to find a distinction in things to correspond to the distinction in words. The result of this mental obfuscation was that verbal explanations took the place of real explanations. Thomas himself enters on problems that seem to us thoroughly trivial, but when we look more closely we find that he has set himself to discover some distinction, fine as a hair, between two words, or between two slightly differing statements. If we want fairly to appraise the work of these men we must bear in mind the necessities of logic, the confusions of an exaggerated realism, and the assumed necessity of making the Fathers of the church speak with one voice.

Speculation implies the use of the imagination. Never were a set of students more utterly unimaginative than the schoolmen. They trained their minds until they became the merest logical machines. It is this that makes them such hard reading. Never was an age probably when truth was loved more whole-heartedly. The long controversy between the nominalist and realist was a frenzied contest for truth. If, argued the realist, justice, charity, faith, nay, God himself, were mere abstractions of the mind, purely subjective as we say, then it must follow if there were no man there would be no justice, no truth, no love, no God. On the other hand, the nominalist asked how could justice, and charity, abstractions of the mind, be actual objects? There were just men and charitable men, but take away the man and what became of justice and charity? They were qualities of things, accidents of a substantia which no amount of thinking could convert into separable entities. But these interminable discussions, apparently so profitless, were training the minds of men to recognise distinctions of real importance, and were preparing the way for a more searching criticism of the human understanding.

As years went on, and the analytic method was pursued by master after master in long succession, the thoughts of Christendom crystalised into doctrine. Dogmas multiplied like fish in the sea, like weeds in a garden. To tread one's way amongst so many authentic utterances, logically deduced from accepted divines, without trampling on some one or other became impossible. Consequently the average man ceased to think for himself for fear of heresy. The simple faith became encumbered with ten thousand trivialities. And all this dogmatism, this splendid orthodoxy, did not make men better, or the church more pure. There lay the trouble, and there the

justification for the monk Luther. But another and a mightier monk than he had been at work on the shore when the tide receding reached low-water mark. His name was Weariness. Men were tired of dogma. They wanted to get at things. The experimental age was coming, for the tide had turned. Such then, in brief, was the course of this analytical movement called scholasticism. Its name indicates its origin. It arose amongst those schools which subsequently developed into the universities of Europe. The name has by many writers been used to cover a much wider period beginning with Scotus Erigena, but that as we have seen is to include a portion of the cycle of thought in which it stands in relation as a vast reaction. The best point from which to date the rise of scholasticism is the date of the *Sentences*. Peter Lombard was born 1159. Peter Lombard's analytical effort was a theological movement, an effort to discover the grounds of belief. Under Albertus, the universal doctor, as he was called (1193-1280), it took wider range. With Thomas (1225-1273) it became rigidly, almost chillingly formal. Now these three founders of the analytical school had this in common. Each sought for a plan, but sought it in the doctors and teachers of the church, in the creeds and authentic documents; they all went to books for their facts. Now if you wear red, green or blue spectacles in your reading, every word you read will assume the colour of the medium through which you read. So also with the mental eye. If your mind is so constituted that you regard every truth in its relation to reason, you will form a plan of theology of a purely rational character. If your mind is of a practical turn, you will measure all those truths with a practical eye to conduct. Your system will be dominated by your will. If, again, yours is an emotional nature, the very same truths

will appear involved in a halo of mystical beauty, and truth will then appeal to you not merely as a thing to be believed or acted on, but as a thing to be felt. Among the schoolmen were students of each type. Thomas may stand at the head of those who regard religion as pre-eminently something to be believed. Duns Scotus (1265-1308) represents the practical spirit that seeks to turn religion into act. He, as a Franciscan, belonged to the most enterprising and energetic of the religious orders. Indeed, Duns Scotus is one of the most remarkable of the schoolmen; on the one side subtle, intellectual, even speculative; on the other enterprising, forceful and energetic. Bonaventura (1221-1274) is a typical mystic.

There was from the first an element of worldliness in the Franciscan Order. Its founder was a lover of nature, and one of the first indications of a desire to understand and to question nature is to be found among the friars minor. Roger Bacon, of Oxford, was a Franciscan. Alchemy and its daughter chemistry come of this stock. The third branch of scholasticism is the mystic, with which we associate St. Bonaventura, the seraphic doctor, and many another dreamy writer of the middle ages. Mysticism dates back far beyond Peter Lombard, but I am speaking here of that particular form of mysticism that accommodated itself to the analytical tendencies of the time, and sought its raptures in a mystical interpretation of the doctrines of the church, and it should not be confused with those mystical systems of a synthetic character which preceded the rise of scholasticism. Each of these three branches will repay close study. Alexander Hales, who lectured on the *Sentences*, gave a rigidly syllogistic form to the propositions in that work in his *Summa Theologiæ*. He is perhaps the most scholastic of the schoolmen. Occam was a disciple of Duns Scotus, who taught with

immense success in Paris at the beginning of the fourteenth century. Occam was an Englishman, born at Occam, in Surrey, and he is really one of the most interesting of the group. I have already alluded to the long controversy among the Schoolmen about the nature of universals which had divided them into two camps—nominalists and realists. The real field of dispute was the theory of perception: How do mind and matter meet? According to Occam we know that there is an external world, and that we have a mental impression of it. The idea of the realists was that images of exterior things were thrown off from the object in all directions and captured by the organs of sense. This, Occam wholly condemns. Similarly he rejects the realist notion that the images of memory were positive spiritual emanations from the memory continuum. Intelligible species, or entities representing general ideas, he also repudiates, and in this, those who accept the conceptualist position of Abelard, deem that he went too far. To take an example. The word nation does not mean merely the people who form it, as Occam would have us think, the mere sum of individuals. It represents a body acting as a unit. It is a Leibnitzian monad. We know, for example again, that a committee will do things that none of its members would dream of doing in a private capacity. And so it is of nations. Occam does not drive his nominalism so far as Bishop Berkely. He believes in a substantia underlying the accidens of things, and his belief in the externality of nature is robust. With regard to the real nature of justice, wisdom, charity, regarded as attributes of God, he maintains that they are not so many Platonic ideas or supersensual entities, with which God consults, as with separate beings, before He acts. They are, he says, just what we call them, attributes. In other words, God is the

summa of the substantias, and His attributes are the accidens, differing only in this that they do not fluctuate in values as the attributes of finite objects constantly do. William Durandus, doctor resolutissimus, distinguished between philosophical and religious truth, going so far as to assert that a thing might be philosophically true and religiously false; a position which will recall to the modern scholar certain aspects of present-day Pragmatism. He was one of the last of the Schoolmen, and his theory shows that the dogmas into which theology had crystalised were becoming unsuited to the changed conditions of the time. They were ceasing to interest. Dogmas had done their work, indeed they were becoming a hindrance to the growth of thought. To save his theology, Durandus sacrificed its universality.

The study of scholasticism has been neglected in recent years, not only on account of its obscurity, but from the barbarity of its language. Certainly the language is uncouth, but this barbarism is due in the main to the excessive subtlety and sagacity with which the Schoolmen who invented it attacked the highest problems that can engage the human intellect. A new language had to be invented to meet an entirely new set of ideas, and as Emmanuel Kant was forced to devise a new vocabulary to express his transcendental philosophy, it was unavoidable that the Schoolmen should distort the ancient Latin tongue to fit it to their needs. Abelard, one of the earliest of the Schoolmen, is a difficult writer to follow for another reason. He has a habit of repeating everything he says two or three times, and when you are expecting differences, you are tantalised by discovering that each new statement only means the same thing again. Duns Scotus, also, is one of the stiffest of the Schoolmen from his excessive logical refinement. He had the genius for

discovering the differences between tweedledum and tweedledee. Latin lent itself but ill to these distinctions, and, as in all metaphysical enquiries precision in the use of words is of the utmost importance, it is but fair to remember that, in the times of which we speak, it was as difficult to write metaphysics in good Latin as modern naturalists have found it to describe plants and animals in that language.

We may now, to conclude, ask what is the value to the world of this great analytical school? Has it justified itself? To this question we may unhesitatingly reply, yes; for it taught men how to think. The Renaissance did not do that. It taught men how to feel; hence its fecundity in literature and art. It was a great constructive epoch, a time of theory and castle-building, just as the age of the Schoolmen was an age of analysis. Again, the Renaissance taught men how to observe; hence its leanings to natural science. Thought involves the recognition of similarities and the recognition of differences. The inductive logic of Bacon, the *Novum Organum* of the Renaissance, furnishes us with the method of dealing with *similarities*; hence its close connection with analogy. I am not speaking here of the canons of inductive logic which include a method of difference, but of its general trend. Inductive logic takes its rise in the recognition of similarities, and from similarities infers a common cause. As an organum it is indebted to imagination for its constructive element, and to perception and reason for its material. The scholastic method of deductive logic bases itself, on the contrary, on dissimilarities; it seeks everywhere to discover distinctions; hence its excessive subtlety. But it had the supreme merit of teaching men how to think continuously and accurately, with extreme attention to the meaning of terms, and in that it

did immense service. The modern mind needs this wholesome training.

Charles Lamb soon wearied of the treasure he had carried off so triumphantly from the old bookstall; but it was a happy inspiration that led him to bestow it on Coleridge. What that great poet-philosopher needed most was the wholesome medicine of systematic thought. Had he studied the Schoolmen instead of the German philosophers, his mind would not have relapsed into that miz-maze described by Mr. Frederick Harrison as a holy jungle.

We all, I fear, walk more or less in a jungle. Systematic thought is not as a rule our way of thinking. Except in business and in science we let our minds wander freely where they will, like children gathering flowers and throwing them away as soon as they grow tired of them. The Schoolmen, although so subtle in discovering artificial differences between artificial ideas in an artificial world, yet trod firmly in their own business world, and the mental discipline of the cloister made them keen men of affairs, and often enough ardent reformers. Both Thomas and Albertus were brilliant administrators, organisers, and men of business. Wycliffe, Occam, and Grosteste were reformers, and more than one eminent Schoolman passed weary years in episcopal prisons, suffering in the cause of truth. The chief debates of the Reformation were fought out on scholastic principles, and by scholastic methods. Luther, Calvin, Knox, each in his way became mighty in debate through training in the sternest of all schools—the school of Aristotelian logic.

Should it be asked where the methods of scholasticism lingered longest, the reply would be in the ancient universities of Scotland. The Scotsman of to-day, all unconscious of the debt, owes his keen, hard-headed, grim



and sombre habits of thought to his ancient schools. The universities of St. Andrews and Glasgow, long after Oxford and Cambridge had wandered into the by-meadows of humanism, still kept to the path trodden by so many feet when scholasticism knew no other road to the citadel of knowledge but the dusty highway of the Stagirite.



# THE RELATION OF LITERATURE TO PHILOSOPHY.

BY REV. E. A. WESLEY, M.A.,

PRESIDENT.

ON an occasion so rare as the centenary of a learned body, it is natural that our minds should revert fondly to those men who founded a society that has lived so long, and to those who carried on their work in later years, for it is right we should honour their memory; and look forward too, though perhaps a little wistfully, to the future that lies mysteriously veiled in front. I shall therefore, without apology, make this inaugural address in part reminiscent, and in part anticipatory. It is not my purpose, however, to review the work done by the Society during the past hundred years, as there is a prospect of that task being undertaken by more competent hands in a centenary volume. My object is to enquire what relation our founders recognised as existing between literature and philosophy, when they associated them together in the title, how they arrived at that view, how it has already been modified, and what further changes we may expect in the future.

It was in troubled times that this Society was born, and I make no doubt its founders turned with relief from the stupendous changes, political and social, that were sweeping over Europe, to literature and philosophy, as to quiet resting places. Though belonging to the nineteenth century, they were really men of the eighteenth; men of orderly minds, clear thinking; abominating mystery, uncertainty, tentative views, and obscurity of every sort.

It was a popular saying in their time that order was heaven's first law. It was emphatically *their* first law. To arrange, tabulate, and classify was their way of getting at truth. The prose literature of the eighteenth century reflects that habit: it is lucid, simple, direct, masculine. In criticism theirs was a captious, uncharitable, fault-finding age, because it was trained to regard every fault as a violation of some acknowledged canon which the writer ought to have known. In poetry it was a superficial age, subordinating matter to method; regarding beauty not as an emotional appreciation of an elusive and deep-seated principle in the heart of nature, but as an appanage or embellishment imposed on it by the intellect in accordance with accepted conventions established by classical authority.

"There is a power," said Hazlitt, "in true poetry that lifts the mind from the ground of reality to a higher sphere, that penetrates the inert, scattered, incoherent materials presented to it, and, by a force and inspiration of its own, melts and moulds them into sublimity and beauty." This was Dr. Johnson's conception of poetry, an artificial arrangement of words, inspired from above by the intellect. Beauty in their view was a human addition, consisting alike in poetry and prose in the judicious selection of a subject, in its appropriate adornment, and in its presentation in a natural and orderly form. These, in brief, were the eighteenth century standards. Measured by them, Darwin's "*Loves of the Plants*" was a great poem: the subject was noble, the adornments, those consecrated to poetic usage by antiquity, the arrangement lucid and orderly. By the same rule the "*Endymion*" of Keats was, as Gifford said, no poem at all, but "a motley assemblage of the most incongruous ideas in the most uncouth language."

It is evident that canons of criticism that would reject the poetry of Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Tennyson must have been hopelessly defective. That they were founded on classical authority is only another way of saying the eighteenth century looked at nature through books without open vision.

But we must seek deeper than that if we would discover what it was made the men of this intellectual age so narrow and so superficial in their estimate of poetic excellence as, in spite of their many gifts, undoubtedly they were. Literature in its widest sense is the criticism of life taking life in its widest sense. Criticism will be broad if the view of life is broad, narrow if the view of life is narrow. Literature is thus in vital relation to philosophy. If the prevalent system of philosophy is restricted or superficial, man's view of life will be restricted and superficial. Man is a unity. Conventionalise his philosophy and you conventionalise his view of life, and if literature is a criticism of life you conventionalise his literature. If, therefore, you would seek the origin of eighteenth century literary conventions, you must trace them back to their origin in philosophy, and for that you must go back to the philosophical master of that century—John Locke, whose *Essay concerning Human Understanding* exercised so profound an influence on the habits of thought, not only of his contemporaries but of their successors for a hundred and fifty years. He attained his commanding position, not merely by the merits of his book, which were great, but because the tendencies which he did so much to strengthen were already at work. Bacon planted, Hobbes watered, but the genius of Locke gave the increase.

Locke rejected the Cartesian aphorism, *Cogito ergo sum*, because, in his opinion, thought was not the essence

but a function of the mind. Man, he said, entered the world without thought, with a mind like a tablet on which nothing had yet been inscribed. Experience was the hand which traced characters upon it, out of which thoughts were begotten. These thoughts, which he called ideas, were the product of sensation and reflection. Innate ideas he utterly rejected. Ideas were simple or complex, whether they arose from sensation or reflection. Each was susceptible of a threefold division; simple ideas of sensation were derived from one sense, more than one sense, or a combination of sensation and reflection. Similarly, simple ideas of reflection were those arising out of perception, retention, or combination. You will notice here that memory is not regarded as a faculty, but as a class of ideas. In the same way he treats will, not as we would, asking what it is, but as an answer to the question "how we get the idea of power?" Memory and will are sorts of ideas. When he considers the subjects of human knowledge, he adopts the same principle of discrimination. All our knowledge is of modes, simple or compound, substances and relations. By modes he means the ways in which objects appear. A dozen is a simple mode, beauty a mixed one. The whole scheme is analytical, and consists in sorting out, docketing, and lettering ideas. The mind of man is an empty box into which they are dropped, and the business of knowledge is to sort them out. Ideas come trooping up to him, as the animals to Adam, to be classified and named. When he has done that he has done everything. Knowledge is order, ignorance is disorder. There is no real mystery in nature. What we call mystery is what we have not been able to classify. The time may come when all unaccountable things will be explained, and nature resolve itself into a crystal mirror, reflecting all the lights and none of the shadows, for there

will be no shadows left to explain. That is the view which underlies the *Essay concerning Human Understanding*. The genius of the book manifests itself in the lucid, orderly arrangement, and the masterly analysis, that has reduced the complex subjects which form its contents to a perfectly intelligible system. There is no subtlety, no hair splitting. The appeal is to man's plain common sense. Never before had subjects so abstract been treated in such a manner that the wayfaring man could understand. It set a new standard of literary work. It turned authors from meretricious half-poetic moonings to a conscious effort to obtain a clear grasp of a subject, and to present it lucidly. The fanciful emotional prose of Milton, under the pressure of this philosophy of common sense, gave way to the masculine prose of De Foe, or the graceful, deft, discriminating style of Addison; the closely packed, overweighted, allegorical poetry of writers who followed in the wake of Donne, to the brilliant epigrammatic verse of Pope and Gay.

Locke's method was strictly analytical. He looked within himself and analysed his ideas. I am aware that in making this statement I am in conflict with some of the most acute critics of the man and his work. Misled, as it seems to me, by the philosopher citing cases of idiots, savages, blind men and children, they have assumed that he based his argument inductively on observations drawn from these sources, whereas all his conclusions are fetched out of himself by a process of rigorous self analysis, and these instances are only cited as illustrations. He was not a Baconian philosopher any more than Bacon, for that great master laid down principles which he did not follow. Not only did Locke work analytically, but he set men's feet firmly in the way of analysis. All the best work of the century that followed was done on the lines he laid

down. Yet this was not effected without protest. Berkely in the realm of pure thought protested that the mystery of matter could only be solved by referring it to the greater mystery of God. Butler, in the sphere of morals, that man's idea of duty could never be so thoroughly cleared from ambiguity by analysis as to render men automata. Man in all his principal actions must still govern himself by probability. But protests such as these failed to turn men from the road Locke had pointed out. More consonant with the spirit of the times was Toland's *Christianity not mysterious* (1695), or Paley's *Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy* (1785) to cite two examples, far asunder in time, but belonging to the same analytical school.

The natural result of a purely analytical method is to sub-divide knowledge into compartments by concentrating attention on differences to the neglect of similarities and all those bonding elements that interlock one subject with another.

If, therefore, you had asked the founders of our Society what they understood by the relation of Literature and Philosophy it is not unlikely that they would have replied that they knew of no features that they had in common. Literature interested some people and Philosophy others, and as they wanted to unite both interests they joined them in one society. Now philosophy, as we understand it, is the bond which unites the arts and sciences, which considers them in their mutual relations, and endeavours to harmonise their differences, but the word was not understood in that sense in the eighteenth century. What our founders meant by philosophy was what we sometimes call natural philosophy,—in other words, science.

It will be well at this point to clear our conceptions of ambiguity by asking what we mean by Literature and



Philosophy? In the widest sense, as I have said, literature is a criticism of life, and literature is one of the arts. All the arts are criticisms or judgments of life, understanding life as life taken in its environment. It is their business to explain and bring home to every individual sensitive soul what the external universe is to it. Music, sculpture, painting, literature, each in its way expounds, judges, clarifies and reveals the wonderful house in which we dwell, for all these arts are not criticisms of life in the abstract, but of life in its innumerable connections, in its roots running down to the deep, in its branches reaching to the firmament. What makes Shakespeare and Dante so supremely great is that in their criticism of life, that is to say in their art, they never forget eternity. Man in the view of all the great artists is not an intellectual abstraction, but a member of society with innumerable bonds uniting him to his fellows, with a sky above his head, and a solid earth beneath his feet. It is this cosmic background view of life that raises such a poet as Villon to high rank. He cannot see the humblest man without remembering the great ever rolling seas of time and space by whose tides he is borne along. In the most general sense therefore art, of which literature is a particular form, is a criticism of life in relation to its environment.

What is science, then? Science is the criticism of the universe in relation to itself. But since the universe includes man it embraces certain sciences which relate to him such as politics, ethics and psychology, but it treats these subjects in a different way from art, approaching them as far as possible without the bias or idiosyncrasy of self, whereas art draws inspiration from self as from an inexhaustible fountain.

Philosophy takes for her province the collective criticism of the arts and sciences, being as a rule less suc-

cessful in her judgments of the former than the latter, because her sympathies are intellectual rather than emotional.

Religion occupies a different position, her province lying to a large extent outside the universe in the region of what ought to be rather than what is. On her speculative side, that is, in dogma, she approaches philosophy; on her emotional—art, and that is why religion appreciates the spirituality of art more instinctively than philosophy.

Periods during which the intellectual faculties predominate over the emotional are rarely religious or artistic. The eighteenth century was eminently such a period. To the men of that age nature seemed a self-contained entity with God outside superintending it in a general way. Under such a scheme literature and philosophy would naturally confine themselves to the universe, leaving God to theology. The world so regarded is a machine, beautifully poised and adjusted; or a watch, wound up to run a specified time, and only requiring occasional regulation; for although omniscience and omnipresence may be ascribed to such a Deity, it does not follow that He will interfere unnecessarily with the fixed laws by whose general providence He exercises His control.

Such a conception of God is grotesque. *We* cannot imagine Him except as immanent in creation, permeating it as its inner force, at once creating and sustaining it. But if that expresses the whole of our religion we are Pantheists, and our God an *Anima mundi*. That practically was the religion of Spinoza against whom the Deists waged unceasing war.

If, however, this vast universe, which transcends our widest thoughts, is yet but a part of an infinitely larger whole, if the totality is a Multiverse; if, in other words, the totality transcends the part, God Himself must be

transcendent. But when these conceptions of the Deity are united we can no longer assert with Pope that "what-is, is right," since whatever is may be wrong. If God is transcendent and immanent He may be working out a plan, whose rightness lies in the future not in the present, a future to which the voluntary acts of men may contribute, or against which they may militate, for the freedom of man is involved in the freedom of God.

It follows from this that Pantheism is a philosophy and not a religion. It has nothing to do with what may be, or what ought to be, the province of religion, but solely with what is, which is the province of philosophy.

Leaving, however, the field of religion, which has only been referred to because of the important part religious topics play in literature and philosophy, we may summarise our conclusions in general terms thus: Literature is the criticism of man in relation to the universe; science is the criticism of the universe in relation to itself; philosophy the criticism of the arts and sciences.

Now it is easy enough to divide a garden into plots, and to call this one literature, and this science, and to make philosophy a sort of head gardener, but by doing so we do not explain what literature is or what science is, any more than we show the nature of a lobelia or a carnation by giving each flower a particular name. Literature and philosophy are modes of thinking, and if we want to find their real relations to one another we must trace them back into the mind from which they both sprung. To do this we must have a science of mind. For many ages men have tried to build up a science of mind, but fresh discoveries have rendered system after system unsatisfactory. Locke's is now hopelessly antiquated, and of the many that have been formulated since, none meet our present requirements. Westermarke and Fraser have

shown what valuable results may be obtained in the kindred science of ethics by the application of the inductive method. But observations, however numerous and well recorded, cannot lead to inductions until some guiding principle or theory has been hit upon to throw light on them all and explain their meaning.

In a paper recently printed in the *Proceedings* of the Society, entitled "The Mystery of Matter," attention was drawn to a theory of great scientific promise, which resolved substance into a mode of electricity. One of the salient lessons that electricity has taught us is that our old idea of cause and effect as a species of contact influence must be modified. Of course, all space is relative to the diameter of the body moving through it; but the electron, which is the lowest conceivable dimension of any body, is so very small that the spaces it traverses in an incredibly short space of time are relatively enormous. Without therefore quite giving up the old contact theory, we may resolve it into a theory of wave transmission. But this revolutionizes our conception of distance. We now know that vast as the world is, it is nevertheless small compared with the spaces through which waves travel in the ether. Prospero's claim to put a girdle round the earth in twenty minutes seems poor to us who, by wireless telegraphy, hope soon to compass the globe in far less time.

While the phenomena of wave transmission were astonishing the public, the psychologists were seriously disturbed by discoveries in the region of thought transference, which threatened to upset the foundations of their science. It occurred to many people at that time that the phenomena in question might be essentially electrical, and a particular instance of wave transmission through the ether of space.

To test the value of the new theory of matter, it seemed

desirable to apply it outside the physical field in the twin sciences of biology and psychology, which have long been suffering from the want of a comprehensive theory capable of co-ordinating a number of outstanding problems. Some of these, for want of a theory, were, and are, extremely puzzling. I refer to such problems: (1) as the persistency of special type in spite of variation of environment; (2) the Darwinian theory, unsubstantiated by scientific observation, of the infinite variability of the cell; (3) reproduction by growing embryos of the successive stages through which the species passed in the history of its development; (4) the perplexing problem of hereditary transmission through simple cells; (5) instinct and its relation to the sub-conscious mind; (6) homology or the similarity of one part of an organism to another; and (7) the perpetual puzzle of imitation.

After examining a large number of authentic instances of thought transmission, it became clear, in view of the admitted descent of man from lower species, that the phenomenon must be common to him and to those species which lie in the line of his descent, unless, indeed, it is a new faculty to which he is only just arriving. This, however, seemed impossible, since there were more well tested instances among primitive than among civilised races. Rejecting, therefore, the alternative as untenable, the next step was to transfer the enquiry at once to the unicellular organisms from which all life is supposed to have sprung, in order to ascertain whether amongst these primitive forms, there was evidence of a similar influence of one acting on another at a distance which had been found in operation amongst the highest. If such could be discovered or reasonably inferred from the action of these organisms in the processes of growth and reproduction, there would be reasonable ground for expecting the same at

every stage of development from the unicellular algæ to man, in which case the electric theory of matter would have indicated a new source of influence which might throw light on some of the many biological puzzles that had for long been waiting solution.

At this point it will be necessary, for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the general principles of reproduction in the lower forms of life, to describe in simple language what usually occurs.

A typical cell is a small mass of jelly-like substance surrounded by a thin membrane which has been formed around it by exposure to outside influences. Through this membrane, called the cell wall, it assimilates food by a process of selection known as osmosis. Within the cell is a small body called the nucleus, and within that a granular body whose function is unknown. When the cell has grown too large for the envelope, it ruptures its wall and exudes a little of its contents through the aperture. This minute bleb of jelly soon develops by exposure a cell wall of its own, and begins the process of feeding in exactly the same way as its parent. In due course a nucleus appears containing also the granular body, and then the rupture closes up and the daughter cell starts an independent life of its own, in due course subdividing in the same way as its mother had done before. There are various ways in which this reproduction is effected, but they are all methods of subdivision.

We will now construct for ourselves a purely hypothetical or model cell, and apply to it the electrical theory of matter. Both cell and contents, if we could see them as they really are, would present the appearance of a very complex arrangement of molecules, atoms, and electrons, the molecule being an arrangement of atoms, and the atom an arrangement of electrons. The electrons, composing

the whole, are in very rapid motion, and set up waves in the ether around them which propagate outwards in all directions. That the cell, as an aggregate of electrons, actually does give rise to disturbances of an electrical character is now an ascertained fact. We know that in wireless telegraphy waves can be caught and utilised, by appropriate arrangements, at a great distance from the original centre of disturbance. To catch these waves the body that receives the message must be in tune with that in which the disturbance is first set up. Exact tuning is impossible, but the current strains the receiver, if it is very nearly in tune, to bring it into tune. With regard, therefore, to these minute cells, if they are not absolutely alike, the effect of interchanging wave emanations will be to make them more and more so. When the mother, therefore, exudes a drop of protoplasm, which is we must bear in mind only an arrangement of electrons such as I have described, the wave emanations proceeding from her body will thrill through the daughter as electric waves do through a tuned wire. To do this, however, we must assume that mother and daughter are fundamentally built up on the same system of electrons. If this were not the case, tuning would be impossible, since tuning depends not on the size of the cells, but on their fundamental arrangement; exactly as, according to Brooke's law, the integrant molecule in a crystal determines the character of the crystal whatever its size may be. If there should be any slight difference between the mother and daughter, the mutual wave emanations received by both would tend to reduce that difference to vanishing point.

In this way the electric theory will account for the first of those biological puzzles to which I have referred, the fixity of type in spite of variations of environment.

We will next enquire how it explains the evolution of

species. Here again we must consider a hypothetical case. Owing to differences of position and the crowding together of cells, it must often happen that a daughter cannot detach herself from her parent, but must undergo modification of a special character in union with her. The new cell, for example, may resolve itself into a projection from the parent, and this may be found helpful to the parent in getting its living. This is an instance of the survival of the fittest. Many unicellular organisms have developed swimming hairs, for example, which enable them to separate themselves from the crowd, and move away to fresh feeding grounds. We need not therefore assume that a cell has *infinite* tendencies to variation. Its variations may have narrow limitations. In normal cases, where there is no overcrowding, A begets another detached A; but in the case of congestion, A begets a modified A, which we will call B. This B will not be quite in tune with A, but it will be quite in tune with any other B's that may have been similarly developed in neighbouring cells. For a time the influence of A will be prepotent, until circumstances have overcome this unifying influence, and then the influence of other B's will come in. Thus the daughter passes through two stages—first it is a true A, then a true B—and it cannot possibly become a B without having first been an A. Again, let us suppose that B becomes crushed and cannot beget a normal cell, but forms an excrescence which we will call C. This C will, by hypothesis, first be an A, then a B, and then a C. It must go through these stages because its fundamental electron structure (the integral molecule of Brooke's crystal theory) is in tune with A. Since it is an assimilating organism, subject to changes in its environment, the time must come when it is more in tune with all the B's in the neighbourhood than it is with the A's.



And as specialization goes on it must pass into C. All this, of course, is pure theory. It is the electric theory applied to the formation of species. We will call the original species N, the second a transitional stage, and the third, which consists of A plus B plus C, a new species. We have now two species, N and M, and we find the embryo of M passing through the stages A, B, and C, for the simple reason that it cannot do anything else.

To make this quite clear let us illustrate the process by wireless telegraphy. Instead of a cell with its feeble electrical disturbance, we will install a dynamo. We will hang up a long wire, and excite it by violent discharges. Far away we will install another wire in tune with it, and catch up its messages. We will hang up fifty such, and every one will receive the message. But some one else is signalling with another apparatus, nearly in tune with ours, and occasionally we pick up his messages. Let one of our wires be a little too long; for a time it will respond to our system, although not quite in tune. But let it grow a little longer, and then our messages begin to be uncertain. Let the growth continue, and presently the wire refuses them and picks up those of the rival system. We will call our system A, and our rival's B. But if the growth continues it is certain that B will soon be unable to hold it within its system, and so it may come under the control of a second rival, C. That will show you in a very rough way what may occur in the evolution of M out of N. Our wire passes through the intermediate stage B to become C.

My object in this conjectural sketch or diagram of the successive stages passed through in the evolution of a new species is not devised to show how species originate. The clumsy contrivance of the crowding together of cells compelling A to become B and then C, I want you to take

symbolically. Such things never did happen, and never could happen. My sole purpose is to show how the influence of outside organisms would affect a growing organism which possessed indeed its own inherited peculiarities, but did not derive everything from the primitive cell; and to show that such influence must be an important agent in the changes progressing in a growing organism, whether that organism has started its changes under alterations of environment or from structural necessity. We will now apply the theory to explain a case of this sort of a thoroughly representative character.

When the comparative anatomists some years ago announced that, at a certain stage of development, the human embryo exhibited gill clefts that were afterwards absorbed, what you may call the "historic theory" was set up to account for them. These gill clefts appeared, they said, because man was in lineal descent from a fish or amphibian that possessed gills. But why an embryo should develop useless organs to enlighten anatomists as to the way in which the human race was derived did not appear. Applying the electric theory, however, we see that nothing else could happen. C cannot come into existence without having gone through the A and the B stage. Let B be the transitional amphibian stage, then, at a certain point in the development of the embryo, it is more like an amphibian than anything else, so it comes under the influence of the amphibian type, which for a brief period is the prepotent external influence. But it is steering onwards and upwards; it quickly becomes callous to that passing influence. It just picks up the message, and as quickly falls out of tune. You may very likely think the explanation as improbable as the mysterious fact it professes to explain, and I admit, that as at present stated, there is something seriously missing. While our

theory accounts for historic sequence, it does not show why the embryo remains so steadfast in its upward course, as if it knew its way, and refused to be turned aside from it. Besides, in point of fact, the historical résumé of past states is not, as the explanation would imply, a precise repetition of the process of ascent, but only an abbreviated expression of it. So that it is clear our theory wants amendment; but if it looks the right way, that is all that at present we can expect. So little do we know of the method by which electric influences from without influence the growing tissue, that an approximation is all we ought to expect. Moreover, we must remember how very ineffectually the historic hypothesis accounts for facts. Of this we will now give an example.

The egg of a swan begins as a very small nucleus of molecules, forming a primitive cell. It is not a little swan, nor anything like a swan. To reach that it has to pass through an immense number of transitional stages, and when the young bird is hatched out it is not a white but a grey one, and it has to wait many months before its white feathers appear. This inheritance of features long after birth is called inheritance at corresponding periods of growth. Can any reasonable man believe, against the testimony of his eyes, that the tiny speck I have called the primitive cell contained these white feathers in miniature? But the upholder of the old theory protests they are not there in miniature, but in potentiality. What is meant by this word? Sometimes it is used to indicate a capacity for being employed for various uses, as a piece of india-rubber has the potentiality of forming part of a tyre or of a vulcanite pen. In this case the material is passive. But at other times it is used for things that contain within themselves powers of self-development, as when we say an egg has the potentiality of becoming a bird. In this case

the material is active. If we mean potentiality in this sense, we are either palming off an unmeaning term to describe an unknown process and calling that an explanation, or we are assuming that the egg contains the bird, white feathers and all, in a condensed form. People used to say that an acorn contained an oak tree folded up in it. That, of course, was untrue, but it was intelligible. So, faulty and deficient as our explanation of evolution by exterior as against interior influence is, it looks, as I say, in the right direction. But we shall mend it materially before we have done.

The explanation now offered accounts then for inheritance at corresponding periods of growth by the external influence of cognate types on one another. It may be a very crude explanation, and the steps by which this influence operates as an organism mounts in the scale of existence may be, and probably are, quite erroneously stated, yet the principle may be right; as I keep saying, it looks the right way.

What we want to get, in order to strengthen our theory, is a guiding principle throughout the whole process of development to keep the organism steadily directed to its final goal; to keep it from wandering away into side tracks as, amongst these many drifting waves of external influence with which it comes into momentary tune, it would seem so likely to do. If we can get that we shall have done a good deal to strengthen the theory.

The first step will be to find out what is the guiding principle in life. We know that life can only come from life, and each kind from its own kind. Inheritance, therefore, is a fact of supreme importance in the theory of life. The cell we call A gave the daughter, A 2, something by way of dowry. It gave it some of its substance and started it on the right line. In bestowing the fundamental

electron basis on which the young cell had to build, it was giving it what we may denominate a base, just as the integrant molecule, put into a substance that is to be crystalised, determines the form of the future crystal. But it gave more than that. It gave life. What is life?

Whenever you see a body exercising a control over the forces of nature from a given point, as, like the cell we have spoken of, assimilating food and reproducing its species, you say it is alive. Life, therefore, is a controlling influence exercised over the forces of nature. Life is not a force, for it is capable of indefinite multiplication, whereas all the forces of nature are fixed in amount, and can neither be added to nor lessened. Life then is central active control. The control part and the action part are two different things. The control is mind, the action physical energy. Life, therefore, is a compound, and, to be exact, is a function of mind. Mind has various functions, and so has life, but mind is simple, life compound, therefore mind or the principle of control, for that is the particular function of it we are here considering, is the really important thing, which, along with the electron system or dower of physical force forms the life gift of the parent to the daughter. Endowed with mind the daughter was able to control the physical forces placed at her disposal by the chemical process of osmosis, and to direct them into the channels of growth and reproduction. The cell used these physical forces for two purposes only; man uses them for many—for making bridges, constructing houses, and building ships. Structural development is continuous, and biologists have studied it on their side with great assiduity, constructing what we may call a ladder of life showing how every fresh rung attained by an organism has revealed a new function. But the psychologists have failed to construct a cor-

responding ladder of mind, although it is clear that mind and body have climbed together by parallel stairs. If we could follow with our eyes the ascent of mind as we can the ascent of body, we should have less difficulty in understanding why an embryo, in the long and elaborate process of development, does not lose its way under the influence of the many cross currents that sweep up against it, to which it is in successive moments in tune and out of tune. It is the mind that keeps the organism steady in its upward course.

Mind, so far as we know, exists in three forms—as an individual, as a communal, and as an universal mind. Individual minds act from a single centre, or from a small group of centres forming a unit. Communal minds are aggregations of similar units forming centres influencing the individuals that compose it. This influence is exercised on lower forms in a confused and general way, but on higher forms in what are called the sub-conscious centres, and this action is called instinct.

The universal mind, the third in the ascending series, is the immanent mind of the Creator pervading all things, and bestowing on the physical forces—electric, magnetic, and mechanical—those laws which they obey with such absolute precision. The universe, therefore, is a synthesis of mind and matter. In this divine and universal mind man lives, and moves, and has his being. The “far off divine event to which the whole creation moves” is the conception of this Immortal Mind. Every creature only lives to fulfil that purpose, and man’s highest function is to rule himself and his actions in conformity with the divine will.

We are all familiar with the first and the last, with the individual and universal mind; but as the communal mind is less familiar, we will take two every-day examples

to illustrate its action. And first of a spider spinning his web. He is born into the world perfectly capable of spinning but absolutely ignorant of how he does it. That we may be sure of by our own experience. We too are born with the ability for moving our arms and legs, and we too do not know how we move them, indeed, we do not know how we perform any natural action, how we breathe, how we see, feel, touch, smell. It is the same with the spider. His spinning gift came to him in the process of embryonic growth, in the sub-conscious centres of his mind, by the action of the communal mind with which at every successive stage of growth he was in tune. So he comes out of his egg and is able to spin. He is mentally and physically in tune with all other spiders, and knows as much about web-spinning as the wisest of them. But he has a conscious mind too, which he employs when he chooses a place for his web. Sub-consciously he acts instinctively, as all the other spiders do, but consciously in a way of his own. So far as he is under the influence of instinct, he is under the control of the communal mind, but so far as he follows his own initiative and consciously adapts his actions to the purposes he has formed, he is free. By a communal mind I merely mean the aggregate mind of the species or group that influences the sub-conscious nerve centres of every individual member of it; and all those actions which are regulated by the mind of the group we call instinctive. Instincts probably grow up individually out of habits, and habits out of conscious actions, so that the communal mind, which is the sum of the minds of the individuals, is quite as progressive as the mind of the individuals of which it is the sum.

For our second instance I will take the migration of birds. At a certain season of the year, a whole migrating

species acts as if it were under the control of a single mind. The bird, separated from its mates, in some sequestered valley, becomes restless as if something were acting upon it. Abandoning its favourite haunt and its food, it seeks out its comrades. Then, with one consent, in a single night, the whole flock starts on its adventurous flight. They need no moon to light their path, they do not peer about for well-known land marks or sea marks. Their sole guide is a steady wind. They fly all night, and perhaps great part of the following day, accomplishing their thousand miles or so under the leadership of—what?—"of some old bird that has been that way before"? No, not so, under the leadership of the young birds only hatched out the same season, who have never previously left their native land. What is it that comes over all these birds compelling them to concerted action, and to the accomplishment of a task so far exceeding the powers of the little busy brain that has been hitherto occupied in simply homely conscious duties? Consciously you may be quite sure those birds do not know how or why they migrate. The call comes, and they obey. It is the call of the species, a call to the sub-conscious nerve centres, a call that *must* be obeyed. Yet the communal mind which stores the wisdom of the ages of all the bird world, and makes each little feathered thing act as other birds thousands of years before had done, has no storehouse or barn for all these treasured memories. They repose in the sub-conscious centres of the brain of every member, young and old, that forms the communal group.

Applied, therefore, to the problems of hereditary instincts the electro theory, if it does not clear up every difficulty, "looks the right way."

I can only treat the phenomena of repetition and imitation in a very superficial manner. By repetition I



mean the copying of parts—hand answering to hand, rib to rib. Repetition differs from imitation in this, that the latter implies the tuning-up of one organism to another not in the same direct line, through structural assimilations due in part to similarity of condition, whereas repetition rests on the principle that like causes tend to produce like effects. The ticks of a clock repeat each other, but do not imitate, because each tick is caused by the same cause acting at successive moments. Although at first sight repetition seems to lend itself to easy explanation under the electric theory, I am far from thinking that at present we are even on the right track. The copying of hand by hand points, I think, to very deep-seated constitutional necessities, about which at present we know nothing, possibly to electric polarities, or appositions in the growing tissue. Imitation was explained by Darwin by natural selection of favourable variations, and he assumed an infinite variability of individuals of which, as I have said, there is no scientific proof. But when we consider the millions upon millions of wasted variations involved in the process, and the millions upon millions of successful variations requisite to produce the marvellous transformations in the insect world that are exhibited in an insect assuming the appearance, for protective purposes, of a decayed leaf or a twig, and remember the lapse of time that must take place between successive generations in which these variations originate, we are faced with a mathematical difficulty that seems perfectly insuperable, unless we assume so many millions of years for the process as would make the world far older than it can possibly be. Privately, I believe, although people may ridicule the idea, that the leaf and the twig act directly on the sensitive organism through the mind, in other words, that the environment has a direct positive controlling influence on

the colour changes and transformations of shape in this puzzling class of protective adaptation. I shall give later on, when treating of the power of the mind over the body, an example of mimicry under purely mental influence which will show that this view is not so visionary as it may appear.

We have now exhausted the biological problems that were awaiting elucidation by the electric theory, and we have seen that in every instance but one a tentative explanation has been given. It remains for me to show that the inferences drawn from those occurrences in the mental world, to which I referred as the inductive base of the theory, justify the wide inductions that I have founded upon them. To do this it will be advisable to say a few words about the connection between body and mind, before discussing the problem of the nature of the sub-conscious mind in which these mysterious things take place.

The body of man does not consist entirely of substances under his immediate control. It is a sort of commonwealth in which large numbers of independent living organisms join for the good of the whole. We have lately learned that the countless corpuscles of the blood have a life of their own; and that innumerable bacilli, each an independent living thing, carry away, or render innocuous, the waste products that would, if unremoved, quickly poison the whole system. All these subsidiary forms of life enjoy their existence, and fulfil their ends without the knowledge or control of the human mind. In a normal way we are unconscious of their operations, but if anything goes wrong we quickly know it, and an impaired condition of health, due to their irregularities, results in mental depression and irritability, so that in a secondary way we may count these organisms as contributing material for feeling and thought.

The border land between consciousness and absolute unconsciousness is the *terra incognita* of psychology. Innumerable operations are carried on by local nerve centres, coupled up, indeed, with the brain, but practically independent. I refer to such processes as digestion, and the repair of wastage of which we know absolutely nothing, although if they go wrong we may be dimly conscious of the fact. They belong to a different sphere from that of our wakeful consciousness—a sphere we call the sub-conscious mind, No boundary line divides it above or below. In a moment what is unconscious may rise to sub-consciousness, and what is sub-conscious into consciousness through an act of our will, or from some coincidence. The sub-conscious self, or life, for we may call it that—since it is a compound of physical and mental elements—furnishes the mind with a vast mass of incoherent feelings and incipient thoughts which form its background.

Countless influences come surging up from the under-currents of this sub-conscious self affecting our ever varying moods. We cannot see the same scene twice, or hear the same voice again; for though the landscape remains unaltered, and the voice unchanged, the mental eye and ear have changed. We are not the same selves we were, each fitful mood is a new self. Old savage instincts sometimes revive, reason loses control, and long-forgotten smouldering fires send out fresh flames. Reviewing such moments of anger or jealousy, people say they wonder what “possessed them.” The phrase is aptly chosen. It is a species of possession, though whether from without or within it may be hard to determine. These turbulent feelings have all the characteristics of instinct. They are eminently irrational, they arise suddenly and involve unconsidered actions. We may justify them or excuse them, but they are frequently outrageously incon-

sistent with the trifling causes from which they spring. A few years ago no scientific man who valued his reputation would have entertained for a moment the suggestion of mind acting on mind outside the consecrated channels of speech and sign. No belief was more stubbornly held than the seclusion of the soul. Every individual lived an isolated life, shut up in his castle, communicating with others only through the senses which were the windows he might open or close at pleasure, but which no other being, man nor angel, could control. Once break through this solid wall, once demonstrate that thought can wing its way from soul to soul and enter unannounced without sight or sound, and the whole fabric of the old psychology crumbles in ruin.

We are here, you will perceive, approaching those curious and unsatisfactory phenomena known under the many names of clairvoyance, clair audience, mesmerism, hypnotism, and thought transference. People who are happily free from these visitations and weaknesses, naturally wonder what can be the use of them. They possess no commercial value. Such erratic methods of intercommunication are not likely to supersede the telegraph and telephone. But because there is no money in them, it does not follow that as facts they have no scientific value. Had Sir Isaac Newton, after that legendary adventure in the orchard, gone into the house and told his people he had seen an unaccountable occurrence, an apple falling from a tree, they would have laughed at him for puzzling over anything so obvious. The apple fell because there was nothing to hold it up, any child could have told him that. It is never safe to ignore the obvious. Under trivialities great truths often lie concealed. But when something happens that is not obvious, it is still more foolish to push it aside or to call it abnormal. Sir Francis

Bacon in tabulating the various things that ought to be examined, places in the twentieth class of prerogative instances, "Lancing instances, which," he says "we are also wont (but for a different reason) to call twitching or piercing instances. We adopt the latter name because they pierce nature, whence we style them occasionally the instances of Democritus. They are such as warn the understanding of the admirable and exquisite subtlety of nature, so that it becomes roused and awakened to attentive observation and proper enquiry."

During the past twenty years a very large number of "piercing" instances of thought transference have been scientifically tabulated and examined; and although many, perhaps the majority, have occurred among neurotic and decadent subjects, there can be no longer any doubt that, by some sort of wireless spiritual telegraphy, mind can communicate with mind independently of the organs of sense. The fact that so many instances occur among illiterate people, or among those who are swayed by emotion rather than reason, and, on the contrary, that they are conspicuously absent among hard-headed and intellectual folk, proves that this method of intercommunication is a survival of a decaying faculty, and not as some have suggested the advent of a new. Evidence, however, that although disappearing, the capacity for thought transference has only been partially lost, is coming in from many unexpected quarters. Man is no doubt gradually losing the faculty because, since he has acquired the gift of language, he can communicate in a clearer and better way, and when he can do that with certainty, he is not likely to attach much importance to vague communications that may arrive, he knows not whence, on the border line of consciousness.

From the old psychology we shall get no light on these

strange super-sensual communications. All the old systems suffered from common defects. They were empirically founded on a very narrow basis; they were mainly descriptive, and as such confined to those obvious things that could readily be described, not to obscure phenomena; they ignored everything that was inchoate and mysterious, they utterly rejected from the theory of mind any element that could not be traced up into the senses; they overlooked the fact that bodily actions were controlled from local nerve centres; the whole province of the subconscious mind they utterly ignored, and they had no conception either of a comparative psychology or of an historic treatment of the mind as a developing organism. These defects are extremely serious. Out of them all, the most unaccountable and, in some respects, the most serious is their utter failure to determine the relation of the mind to the body.

Now a psychologist who follows intently the way a baby moves its hands and eyes, but forgets the action of its heart and lungs, fails to realise the intimate relation of mind and body. None of the older writers trouble in the least about unconscious actions. It is only the rational faculties that interest them; everything else is subordinated to that. What we feel is of supreme importance is the way consciousness dies out as we try to trace it downwards, not how it develops as we trace it upwards. Yet they knew how important these operations of the body were, and how mind and body reacted on each other, but they stopped there. Lancing instances did not lance them. They only dealt with normal conditions.

In the year 1868 a French girl of the peasant class astonished the religious and scientific world by the acquisition of the coveted gift of the stigmata. She was a pious young person who spent much of her spare time

in church contemplating a crucifix. Every day, at a particular hour, swellings appeared on her hands and feet, which about noon began to bleed. Three hours after the swellings subsided, and the skin resumed its normal appearance. The incredulous suspected a trick, so, by direction of the bishop, she was put under medical surveillance. Her hands and feet were carefully bandaged and sealed, and she was rigorously watched night and day. In spite of these precautions the swellings appeared at the customary hour, and went through the same process as before. This went on day after day, till the medical authorities grew tired, and pronounced it a case of an unknown nervous disorder. So the matter ended, and a few months afterwards the girl recovered her normal health, and the symptoms disappeared. Here then is a well-authenticated instance in the human species of those imitative processes which we are familiar with in the insect world. If a girl by unconscious mental effort can produce such singular effects in her feet and hands, we need not wonder at a cuttle-fish changing colour as he passes over variously coloured rocks to make himself invisible. What he does in twenty minutes the girl took six hours to accomplish. But then it is a regular habit with cuttle-fish, and part of their every-day life.

I should be disingenuous if I disavowed the importance to theology of a scientific vindication of the phenomena of thought transference. Religious people of every age and creed, with one consent, have held it infallibly certain that souls are sensitive to impressions, not only from around but from above and from beneath, and they have based that conviction on personal experience. But there are many whose uncompromising materialism makes them dispute any conclusion that is not inductively based. They say religious experience is of very little value in

this case because it is empirical, resting on subjective consciousness. That contention is intelligible. But the inference here drawn is not from subjective experience. It is an inductive inference from tested facts about which there can be no doubt whatsoever. And so long as the facts hold, and they will hold, they must be explained. I set no special store by this or any theory. Let the theory go, but another must be found. Neither incredulity nor agnosticism can excuse the neglect of seeking out one that will explain. It is illogical to ignore facts because they are "abnormal."

Take it all round, this sub-conscious mind is the most interesting and profitable subject for psychologists, and it is of especial interest to us now because it is the homeland of the arts. In it lie all kinds of possibilities and surprises. Compared with it the conscious mind is simplicity itself. But the new psychology must not content itself, as in the past, with description and classification. What we want from it is history. The fundamental functions of the primitive organism, from which the biologists trace the tree of life of which man is the noblest fruit, are, as we have seen, growth and reproduction. The assimilation of food led in the middle organisms to the search for food, and that in turn to the development of the intellectual faculties necessary for its acquisition, and to that mental alertness that forms such a strong contrast to the dreamy sub-conscious state in which the lower forms of life seem to spend their days. On the other hand, the passion for reproduction led to the evolution of emotion, to love and hate, and to all those passionate desires and longings that complicate the problem of sex.

Traced back in this way to its remote source, philosophy represents in man the primitive desire for food in the primitive cell. The desire for food led to the evolution of



the rational faculties, they in turn to philosophy. Again, the desire to propagate was the parent of the emotions, which, rationalised, yield for fruit literature and art. Thus literature and philosophy come of the same stock, and correspond with the two primary functions of life—growth and reproduction. Ever since mind and body became partners they have shared their varying fortunes together. Biologists, naturalists, and comparative anatomists have not been slack in following the history of body, and by their labours year by year we are getting a more intimate knowledge of development. Only the metaphysicians and psychologists, wandering into the serbonian bogs of free will and necessity, have lagged behind. It is for the century that is coming, for societies like this, for lonely students, for men in the crowd, to build up a new science of mind on a broad, historic and comparative basis.

Mighty rivers spring from small streams and gather as they flow. So it has been with the human mind; the tiny brook has become a fountain of many waters. To us who view it in full stream it appears a wonderful network of tide and current, ever changing its bed, now rushing impetuously onward, now dallying in some back water, uncharted, unchartable. Beneath the surface of our present waking thoughts flow undercurrents, some swift, some slow, all moving forward. The sub-conscious mind is as mobile, vigorous, and resourceful as the conscious. It is not a collection of dead memories, it is a sub-self employing its own memory, will, and reason; for they tell us there is a logic even in dreams. Yet though a sub-self and master in its own sphere, it is not wholly its own master. The conscious mind can raise these undercurrents to the surface, and blend them with its own waters, just as a weaver can raise and work in the threads he needs for his design. But it is not possible for every one

to do this with equal profit. Some men live wholly in the region of intellect, untouched by the emotions; but from this submerged river men of genius do not disdain to draw their inspirations, their telling words, their brilliant, unexpected phrases, their sudden illuminations, that send a thrill through the reader, like an inexplicable visit of something from another world. And it is with these waters, forgotten of the foot, that he irrigates the dry land of fact and reason. The master-craftsman, the literary artist, thus knows how to transform plain work-a-day prose into literature, vibrating and quivering with life. He knows where the wells of life are in his sub-conscious soul.

Philosophy is not so much beholden to these nether waters. Yet we must not suppose that her discoveries, or those of science, are all the result of patient plodding, delving, and ditching; for there come to her as well, from time to time, unexpected lights, flashing up from below, that spur her flagging imagination to enquiry in some unthought of quarter.

So swift is the process of thought under these timely promptings, that the fortunate scholar or artist to whom they come can rarely trace them to their source. Our ancestors called these angel visitations by the prosaic title of "associated ideas." But they did not stop to ask what these associated ideas were doing, whence they came, where they were going, when the conscious mind called them from their dim elysian fields to make them minister to some passing want in the waking world. Had they done so, they would not have felt so sure about everything.

As for ourselves, at the present time we are sure of very little. The more we know the less certain we become of the very grounds of knowledge. We know nothing until we know that what we know corresponds with reality. If the universe is a synthesis of mind and force, the know-

ledge of the laws of force is insufficient for its exposition ; we must know also the laws of mind, which directs force. The nineteenth century has witnessed a real advance in our knowledge of the Physical Universe ; the twentieth must teach us the nature of the Mental Universe. In that Mental Universe lie the foundations of literature and philosophy.

Such, then, is our view, that wistful view I spoke of concerning the relation of literature to philosophy. To accomplish our task of unfolding that relation we have been obliged to make a rough sketch map of a wide and unknown land. From the imperfections of that map you will perceive that ours is not a Pisgah view, not a clear and open vision ; but I think perhaps we are a little wiser than our fathers in this respect, that we know now how little we know, which the Delphic oracle said, as Socrates reminds us, is the truest wisdom. The mists cover the landscape, thinning here and there, and they will thin out yet. In another hundred years men will see more clearly, and if they should look back and read our records, we would like them to know that we, when our second century began, only thought of ourselves as very humble explorers, patiently waiting for a clearer vision which can never come to our eyes, but will come to theirs—yes, to theirs—and across the long and dusty plain we would hail them, and wish them God-speed.



## TEMPER AND TEMPERAMENT.

By Miss SARAH J. HALE.

I WILL introduce this paper by adapting the preface of Montaigne to his essay on Names, "What diversities soever there be in herbs, all are shuffled up together under the name of a sallade; even so upon consideration of (temperaments), I can but here make up a gallinafray of stray remarks." And I will begin these stray remarks by limiting the terms of my subject 'Temper and Temperament.' These words are often in our mouths, though we may not always be using them in their strict sense, indeed we frequently confound the latter with disposition. By temperament I understand the general attitude of the individual towards environment, the particular way in which one re-acts to one's surroundings, the mode in which one makes oneself felt, and, as a result, the atmosphere with which one surrounds oneself—the 'aura' of the theosophist. It is to be distinguished from disposition in that disposition is passive rather than active, and is a resultant of the activity initiated by temperament and, indeed, of all that the individual feels, thinks, or does. Temperament is *dynamic*, whilst disposition is *static*. If I may so put it, disposition is the material of character, whilst temperament is the main agent in determining the quality of the stuff. "I thought" says the Friar to Romeo, recognising this distinction, "thy disposition had been better tempered." We may speak of a bad or good, a cheerful, an amiable, a retiring, a mercenary disposition, etc., but we cannot apply such epithets to temperament, for they are concerned with what a person *is* rather than with the manner of his doing,

with the results of action upon the character rather than with the manner in which results are brought about. Temperament may make sad mischief by sending questionable and inflammatory telegrams, disposition will incline to continuance of peace. Temperament may lead to the breaking of windows, disposition will cause one to shudder and perhaps weep at the consequences. One may be a spendthrift as to disposition, but temperament will determine whether the spending is futile or provident. Hamlet was of an amiable disposition, but a melancholic temperament made him bring disaster upon Ophelia, estranging him from friends as well as foes. Molly would fight as well as Jack, but the anticipation of suffering keeps her from carrying out her intention. Tommy's temperament makes him join in plundering the orchard, the while his disposition leads him to pity the owner thereof. And, indeed, temperament and disposition are frequently at loggerheads, save in the case of those happy individuals whose emotions and will are evenly balanced, as perhaps in Sir Joshua Reynolds, of whom Goldsmith says :—

“His pencil was striking, resistless and grand,  
His manners were gentle, complying and bland.”

Temper I take to be the particular re-action to environment in contra-distinction to general re-action, and which manifests itself as the result of interference with some plan of action conceived by the individual, hence we say, ‘so and so is crossed,’ or is ‘cross.’ Lear was in temper with Cordelia because she did not respond to his affection in the way he anticipated, and the poor old King experiences a series of crossings, which finally drives him mad. We speak of a fit of temper (a gust of passion), inasmuch as it is usually some unforeseen and unexpected frustration of plan, or of wish, that gives rise to the

'temper,' whether of anger, or fear, or love, and because it may quickly pass. The term is used quite loosely for the outcome of any violent emotion which is often very regrettable, both in its subjective and objective result, and indeed may bring about irretrievable disaster. 'Good temper' is really no temper at all! These acts of temper, though often temperamental, not uncommonly belie the temperament, and are quite foreign to the disposition. Hence all displays of temper are a departure from the normal course of action, 'a running off the line.' Peter in a fit of fear denies his Master, yet he had plenty of courage as a rule; in a fit of jealousy Othello smothers Desdemona; and the phlegmatic and weak-willed Macbeth is driven by anger at the imputation of cowardice, to kill the gentle Duncan.

The physical is in such close relation to the mental equipment of humanity, that it is impossible to discuss the phenomena of the one without reference to the other. Those of our great writers who have chosen human nature for their field of study have all attached importance to the influence of physical constitution and characteristics. In most cases they have wedded the more attractive temperament to the physically strong and pleasing, for though Shakspeare may make Petruchio say, 'It is the mind that makes the body rich,' yet his heroes and heroines are generally of a gracious and pleasing presence. Much as I love fairy tales and romance, and strongly as I advocate their use, there is this element of danger in them that they lead the young mind to the conclusion that beauty of features and gracefulness of carriage are necessary concomitants of graciousness. Hence it comes that it would do violence to our conception of the personality, if the virile and venturesome 'once more into the breach'—King Henry V—were represented as shrunk or dyspeptic :

and if Richard III were otherwise than of mean height and unprepossessing appearance. Falstaff and Cassius must be as opposite in their figures as they are in character.

Public speakers, writers, and others, often allude to the Irish, Scotch, French, Spanish temperaments as accounting for the Roman Catholicism, the Puritanism, the Rationalism, the political unrest of these several peoples, but surely the generalisation is faulty; it is not to peculiar temperament that we must look, but to circumstances which have made these various 'isms' preponderate (if they do preponderate) in one country more than in another. Had the South as well as the North of Ireland come under similar influences, doubtless Puritanism would have spread, and *vice versa*. Had Spain been subjected to a more even rule, instead of to a fitful, and at times despotic government, a less turbulent spirit might be displayed. Differences in temperament are more marked in the individual than in the nation, though in so far as it is held that mental as well as physical characteristics are transmittable, there is ample justification for roughly distinguishing between Celtic (sanguine), Anglo-Saxon (melancholic), Gallic (choleric), Slavonic (phlegmatic), and other races, as to temperament.

We have crystallised in the names by which we separate one definite kind of temperament from another the ancient theory held by Galen, which was based upon the four elements of Empedocles and the four fluids of Hippocrates, and which concluded that the difference is due to the preponderating influence of some one of these. Thus the *sanguine* depends upon the blood, the *choleric* upon the gall, the *melancholic* upon the bile, and the *phlegmatic* upon the lymph. But though we keep the names, this theory as to origin has long since been discarded. Kant bases the distinction upon the character of the blood only.



So we get thin, thick, hot and cold blooded types corresponding to these divisions. The quaternary distinction is still adhered to, though the most modern theory is, that since temperament is evidenced by re-action to environment, the basis is in the nervous and not in the vascular system, and the weak or strong, quick or slow reaction to stimulus, which is to a certain degree native to each individual, determines the temperament. Thus, in the classification of Wundt:—

The *strong and quick* reaction distinguishes the choleric temperament.

The *strong and slow* reaction marks the melancholic.

The *weak and quick* reaction characterises the sanguine temperament.

And the *weak and slow* the phlegmatic.

These distinctions are fundamental. Reaction, excitability, or response to stimulus being a property of all life. Höffding would add a yet more fundamental distinction which has its origin in the necessity for the preservation of the organism—the two great opposites of feeling—‘pleasure,’ which leads the organism towards the satisfaction of its needs, and ‘pain,’ which warns it off from that which is harmful. These two, pleasure and pain, give what may be termed *colour* to temperament, making it bright or dark. These qualities of colour, strength and speed—in their various combinations differentiate the temperament of one individual from that of another, and give great varieties of type. Professor MacCunn has an interesting discussion on the main types in his ‘*Making of Character*,’ pointing out that they should be considered as types only of which there are many modes. I commend the chapter on Temperament to all who have not yet had opportunity to study it. There is no doubt that temperament is the result of interaction between the physical and

mental parts of our composite human nature, and that it probably determines the kind of reaction to the external world that is possible to the individual.

Attempts to reduce to mathematical formulæ the specific nature of the reactions of each individual are being made in our psycho-physiological laboratories, as for example by Mr. Burt, here in Liverpool University, and it is possible that in the time to come we may have temperament as carefully charted as the height, weight and temperature of the body. It would take me too long to discuss this laboratory side to-night, and I must content myself with a more general treatment of the subject.

The quick bodily movement, the clear eye, the alert and well-knit figure lead us to expect a 'choleric' person, one who quickly makes up his mind and sticks to his opinion, who abhors beating about the bush, and tends usually to have his own way.

"Go show your slaves how choleric you are.

Must I stand and crouch under your testy humour."

says Brutus to Cassius; yet from the description given of the latter we may conclude that he was 'melancholic' rather than 'choleric.'

"Yet if my name were liable to fear

I do not know the man I should avoid

So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much.

He is a great observer, and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men.

He loves no plays, he hears no music,

Seldom he smiles, and in such sort

As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit

That could be moved to smile at anything."

Such strong temperament when the emotional nature is quick may be easily stirred to suspicion and distrust. Othello, passionately fond of Desdemona, fretted and dis-

turbed by the cares and difficulties of his position, lends a ready ear to Iago's insinuations, for:—

“Trifles light as air  
Are to the jealous confirmation strong  
As proofs of Holy Writ.”

And the strong will, weakened by excessive emotion that “puddled his clear spirit,” forces him to the quickly repented crime. Generally, it is the weaker willed who most enjoy life, because they react more quickly to their environment; they are more impressionable—more emotional—more ‘highly strung’ as we say, which so far as it means anything, means that the nervous system is less under control; the will has less power to inhibit reaction to stimulus, so that they are moved easily to laughter or to tears, but as tears are more frequently shed for consequences of action rather than for action itself, as sorrow is more frequently the handmaid of reflection than of actual experience, it is the melancholic who suffer most; and whilst the sanguine and the choleric suffer the more readily, the tears of the sanguine easily flow, and are easily wiped away. It would seem that so far as temperament is racial, the average Englishman and Englishwoman may be distinguished as phlegmatic, seeing they are not easily roused to action. How difficult it is to get up enthusiasm for any cause, social or political (I do not say ‘religious’)! How very many men there are who have to be driven (in more senses than one) to the polls! How many collateral interests have to be appealed to in order to get attention, time, money, etc., spent even in a good cause. There has to be a cumulative effort to get necessary things done, and often the phlegmatism degenerates into an obstinacy that is fatal to effective action, though it may more frequently be counted upon to carry out a scheme when once inertia

has been overcome. To take a recent instance, the Insurance Bill has been before the country for several months, yet it is only now that people have been stirred up to take a definite and decided course in opposition to certain of its clauses, notably those referring to domestic servants. How many different varieties of the phlegmatic temperament we know—people who are difficult to move, or to influence—who, “comply against their will, are of the same opinion still.” Whose very instability becomes a power and a force, but yet when once they have got agoing they keep on to the bitter end, in spite of all difficulty, and all opposition, or attempt at persuasion. No one is so doggedly obstinate as the weak and irresolute!

Roger Ascham, in his delightful treatise *The School-master*, gives a most faithful portrait of the sanguine individual. I give the modern spelling:—

Quick wits commonly be apt to take, unapt to keep, soon hot, and desirous of this or that; as cold, and soon weary of the same again, more quick to enter speedily than able to pierce far, even like sharp tools whose edges be very soon turned. Such wits delight themselves in easy and pleasant studies, and never press far forward in high and hard sciences. Also for manners and life, quick wits commonly be in desire; new fangle in person inconstant, light to promise anything, ready to forget everything—both benefit and injury, and thereby neither fast to friend, nor fearful to foe—inquisitive of every trifle, not secret in greatest affairs, bold with any person, busy in every matter, soothing such as be present, nipping any that is absent; of nature also always flattering their betters, envying their equals, despising their inferiors, and by quickness of wit very quick and ready to like none so well as themselves. They be like trees that show forth fair blossoms and broad leaves in springtime, but bring out small and not long lasting fruit in harvest time, and that only such as fall and rot before they be ripe, and so never or seldom come to any good at all.

Here is also his description of the opposite—the melancholic strong:

A wit in youth that is not over dull, heavy, knotty and lumpish, but hard, rough, and though somewhat staffish, if it be at the first well handled by the mother, and rightly smoothed and wrought as it should, not over-thwartly, and against the wood, by the school-master, both for learning and the whole course of living, proveth always the best. Hard wits be hard to receive, but sure to keep; painful without weariness; heedful without wavering; constant without new fangleness; bearing heavy things, though not lightly, yet willingly; entering hard things, though not easily, yet deeply; and so come to that perfectness of learning in the end that quick wits seem in hope, but do not in deed, or else very seldom ever attain unto. Also for manners and life hard wits commonly are hardly carried, either to desire every new thing, or to marvel at every strange thing, and therefore they be careful and diligent in their own matters; not curious and busy in other men's affairs, and so they become wise themselves, and also are counted honest by others. They be grave, steadfast, silent of tongue, secret of heart, not hasty in making, but constant in keeping any promise; not rash in uttering, but ware in considering every matter; and thereby not quick in speaking, but deep of judgment whether they write or give counsel in weighty affairs. And these be the men that become in the end both most happy for themselves, and always best esteemed abroad in the world.

The roving life, the restless attitude, the busy tongue, the very readiness to adopt suggestion of a fussy acquaintance, warn us that if we need help we must get it at once. Promises of aid are as easily forgotten as given—there is little dependence to be placed on this ‘butterfly,’ though possibly very fascinating temperament ‘Jack-of-all-trades,’ as it is well described. Mrs. Neish, in her clever sketches of ‘Cicely’ in the *Saturday Westminster*, depicts this temperament most aptly. The charm of the drama consists largely in contrasts of temperament. The lady Octavia, “of a holy, cold and still conversation,” throws into strong relief the fascination of a Cleopatra, of whom it is said: “Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety.” If every

one deserved the encomium Anthony pronounces upon Brutus:—

“His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world ‘This was a man!’”

The world would be, however decorous, yet a little dull! The charm of society consists in the variety of temperaments that come into play, and the family circle affords a precious field of study. The mother recognises that difference of treatment must be meted out to each of her flock, and discriminates with more or less judgment between her offspring. ‘Bertie must not be teased, it makes him sulky.’ ‘Molly must not be scolded, it makes her timid.’ ‘Johnny must be restrained, he is so masterful.’

Although there is inherent tendency towards one type rather than another, yet the strength of such tendency varies with age; the prompt yet feeble response to stimulus, the delightful, fascinating, yet irresponsible sanguine temperament is especially characteristic of childhood, hence when we meet with it in the adult, we often term it ‘childishness.’ In adolescence, as Stanley Hall in his notable work on this subject abundantly discusses, will and emotion are struggling for the mastery, there is a general instability, yet a strong response to certain influences, and later on, the ‘choleric’ youth may become the ‘melancholic sage,’ who weighs all the pros and cons before action, but is none the less tenacious of purpose, and persevering in execution. Advancing years bring with them, together with slow gait, dull eye and inert demeanour, the ‘phlegmatic’ indifference of old age. I remember a wonderful picture by Gustave Doré illustrating an incident of the Franco-Prussian War. The

scene was a camp, and in the foreground stood a young woman, the personification of grief, her eyes full of pain, her whole attitude tense to heart-breaking, as she listens to the sounds of distant battle; the babe in her arms was cooing and smiling in joyful unconsciousness of sorrow; whilst at the mother's feet sat the gray-haired grandam, calm and indifferent, intent only upon her knitting. No doubt Shakspeare's 'seven ages of man' will occur to you as illustrative of the same point. It is not without reason that romancists and novelists take youthful heroes and heroines, for it is in early maturity that the greatest diversities of temperament are manifested. As age advances the will gains in strength, emotional factors lose their power, and both will and emotion come under the domination of the intelligence as that increases in content. Reaction to environment may make the child who charmed us by vivacity, restless activity and affectionateness, become under the deadening influence of school, inert, apathetic, moody; the youth, whose lightness of heart and sweet unreasonableness sometimes delighted and sometimes tried his elders, after a few months of office life, tends to be dull and self-centred; the constant thwarting of desire, the niggle-nagging of perhaps at one time the nearest and dearest may turn the sweetest, most docile and equable of individuals into a morose, stubborn, or irascible creature! The converse is also true. Yet with all the apparent changes time and circumstances may bring, there is at bottom the native temperament that of necessity sets limit to possible development of character, and which has therefore to be reckoned with in all efforts for the amelioration of the individual, whether by education or improvement in environment, or what not.

Robert Hichens, in *The Fruitful Vine*, makes the butterfly countess say to his heroine:—

"We are stamped, my dear, when we are born, just as the new money is, and it is useless to try to get rid of our stamp. And if we did why, we should not pass any more! No one would buy anything with us!"

I should like here to quote, in another vein, from Professor James' work in the *Varieties of Religious Experience* :—

"The causes of human diversity lie chiefly in our differing susceptibilities of emotional excitement, and in the different impulses and inhibitions that these bring in their train. Our moral and practical attitude is always a resultant of two sets of forces within us—impulses pushing us one way, and obstructions and inhibitions holding us back. 'Yes, yes,' say the impulses. 'No, no,' say the inhibitions."

And he goes on to speak of the paramount force which any strong intense emotion will excite. For instance :—

Maternal love, which makes a very fury out of a weak and timid woman; fear, which sometimes overmasters even the bravest; courage, which lends endurance to the martyr at the stake; and of the 'wavering' that occurs when many emotions are in conflict. Irascibility, susceptibility to wrath, the fighting temper are more directly effective to action; whilst impatience, grimness, earnestness, severity of character, exercise a more subtle influence; weakness consists in an inaptitude for any kind of violence; an '*all-round amiability is hopeless*.'

And he cites Benjamin Constant as an example of one who, with superior intelligence, yet was inferior in character, because as he himself says :—

"I am tossed and dragged about by my miserable weakness. Never was anything so ridiculous as my indecision . . . I am unable to give up anything."

Professor Welton, of Leeds, in the chapter on 'Variations in Mental Endowment' in his recently published book, *The Psychology of Education*, distinguishes from the



point of view of the educator five main classes of mind as dependent upon temperament :—

(1) *The Childish*.—Quick to apprehend, feeble to retain, and hence responsive but fickle.

(2) *The Practical*.—Quick to act, energetic and eager for success; if strong, then pugnacious, with a tendency to become hard and callous if not softened by altruism; if weak, then capricious, easily offended, resentful, opposing (the Ishmael of the family or of society); and if of low intelligence, then obstinate, prejudiced, self-assertive and bigoted.

(3) *The Emotional or Sensitive*.—Of slow and strong response, with a highly-strung nervous system, easily influenced by surroundings, introspective—the ‘misunderstood’ type—with a high order of intelligence,—the artist, the poet, quick to seize upon the relations of things to each other and to himself; with a low order of intelligence,—the sentimentalist, the egotist, an excess of self-consciousness and morbidity, and a lack of self-control.

(4) *The Contemplative*.—Where there is much mental vigour, intense feeling, though with a calm and apparent coldness of manner, and which connotes thorough sincerity and stability.

(5) *The Apathetic* who are sluggish, inert, lacking in vital force, and who, if they are as dull in play as in work, need physical rather than mental training.

On the whole, I think woman is quicker in discerning and in estimating these temperamental differences than man, hence her greater success as a teacher: and in this probably lies the secret of her influence over the other sex. It is not that she sees his weak point as some unkindly say, but that by reason of her own preponderatingly emotional temperament she can determine to a certain extent what is likely to be the man's reaction, and, like a wise woman, she endeavours to repress or encourage as it seems best for her purpose. She does not *know*, but she *feels* her way. Hence woman's plan of action is rather individualistic than social, she particularises where man generalises. she argues for the particular case, and some-

times urges to "do a great right—do a little wrong." Very often man's justice seems unjust to woman, and her justice appears to him to be mere caprice, for he argues: such an one broke the law, he must pay the penalty; and she says: "Ah! but he did not mean it," or introduces in her delightfully illogical way some such irrelevant matter as that the offender has a wife and children! I fear the "I did not mean it" is much more frequently woman's excuse than man's, as is also the tendency to try to make the best of a bad case which so often leads to prevarication—to 'white lies.'

Judge Parry seizes admirably upon the temperamental sex difference in the *Tallyman*. The heroine's will-power is entirely swamped by emotion. She does wrong in the first place because of her desire to please, she hesitates to confess her fault which she has tried to hide by falsehood, because she is afraid, and this same fear (of losing her husband's affection) drives her to confession. The hero, on the contrary, requires appeal to his intelligence, proof positive, to break down the will which dominates his affection almost to the separation point.

Some authors distinctly fail in appreciating this sex difference, others over emphasise it. There is not a single question affecting life and morals that does not as a rule present itself differently to each of the sexes. Hence the value of collaboration and consultation, for woman is neither inferior nor superior to man—but complementary. Sex differences show themselves more and more as maturity advances: differences in susceptibility, in emotional display, in expression of will-power, in evidences of intellectuality; girls are quick in making friends, boys slow; girls are given to romance, boys to fact; girls are fond of display, boys are shy and dislike any appearance of singularity; and whilst girls are easily affected to

tears or smiles, boys are for the most part reserved and apathetic. But this must be understood in a general sense only, for there are some boys who are fully as emotional as the average girl, and some girls whose will is the dominant factor of their temperament.

Will power, emotional manifestation, susceptibility to pleasure or pain, all these are determinants in the fashioning of temperament, and the numerous varieties that are consequent upon the little less or little more of any factor, make up the diversities of human kind.

“O isn't it nice to live in a world  
Where things can happen and clocks can strike,  
And none of the people are made alike!”

We may conclude with Wundt that each temperament has its advantages and disadvantages; the true art of living consists in bringing instinct and emotion under control in such a manner as not so much to possess any one temperament, but to have an individuality characterised by all. To be *sanguine* in the presence of the joys and sorrows of our daily existence (so as not to be unduly elated by these or overcome by those); to be *melancholic* in the serious hours, and in the important events of life (so that they may exercise a right influence over our conduct, and be duly weighed and considered); to be *choleric* against impressions that concern our grave interests (prompt to act, and strong to resist); *phlegmatic* in executing resolutions when formed (undeterred by difficulty, danger or opposition). To which we may add the advisability also of turning to things that give pleasure rather than pain; to make much of the joys of life, and to mitigate rather than aggravate its sorrows; to see the silver lining to every cloud; to reach out towards the best that life gives for ourselves or for others; to approve the

things that are more excellent; to encourage in ourselves, and, as far as we are able, in others, the optimism that makes for *life* rather than the pessimism that makes for *death*. For as Pippa sings:—

“God’s in His heaven! all’s right with the world.”

## WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

BY THE REV. W. E. SIMS, A.K.C.L.

It has been somewhere remarked by a sapient observer that we live in an age of centenaries, but as that is an experience shared by all our ancestors since the close of the first century of human existence, the differentiation of the present day is probably suggested by that comparatively modern development, the conscious recognition of these milestones of time, and the due celebration of their significance. A hundred years ago the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool was founded, and a hundred years ago William Makepeace Thackeray was born. Both saw the light within one revolution of the earth around the sun. It is true that a great many infants were born in that year, but of all the babies that then engaged or exhausted maternal solicitude, William Makepeace is the most interesting to us, because he was the most distinguished representative of those abilities and principles which it is the object of our Society, upon one side of its activity, to foster and promote. We are, in one aspect, a literary society, and Thackeray was pre-eminently a literary man. His life has no significance for the public apart from literature; it began with the commencement of our own existence, and although we have survived him, his memory lingers, and as we raise the glass in honour of our own birthday, we couple with the toast the name of William Makepeace Thackeray.

The day has gone by when it might have been necessary to apologise to a literary audience for the selection of

a novelist as a "hero of letters." There was a period—a sort of belated postscript to the dark ages—when the fallacy was rife that fiction was synonymous with falsehood, and referable therefore to a sinister source of inspiration, an opinion defended by the well-meaning author of that enlivening work, Todd's *Students' Manual*, but traversed by Walpole, if correctly reported to have said: "Do not read history to me, for that must be false; read fiction, for that may be true." And truth, fidelity to nature, to life, was a leading characteristic of Thackeray. In what has been called his *Confession of Literary Faith*, he says:—

I cannot help telling the truth as I view it, and describing what I see. To describe it otherwise than it seems to me would be falsehood in that calling in which it has pleased Heaven to place me; treason to that conscience which says that men are weak; that the truth must be told; that faults must be owned; that pardon must be prayed for; and that love reigns supreme over all.

Vaticination is proverbially dangerous, and sage advice is embodied in the recommendation: "Never prophecy unless you know," but it seems safe to predict that the novel has come to stay, and it is interesting to reflect that its great era began in the year that saw the birth of Thackeray, and the origin of the Literary and Philosophical Society. It was in 1811 that Jane Austen gave to the world, or sold to the publishers, her first novel, *Sense and Sensibility*, the ink of which was hardly dry when our first meeting was held. And in Thackeray's third year, that peculiar entity "the reading public," was absorbed in the mystery of the authorship of *Waverley*, forsaking its ancient allegiance to poetry or the drama, and transferring its affection to the novel. It is true that novels had been written before, and great novels, too. Mr. Clement Shorter indeed goes so far as to say that:—

Any comparison of the novels of the Victorian era with the novels of the Georgian period must be very much to the disadvantage of the former. The great epoch of English fiction began with Goldsmith and Richardson, and ended with Sir Walter Scott.

Nevertheless (influenced unconsciously, it may be, by our centenary celebrations), I should prefer to maintain that the great epoch of English fiction began with Jane Austen, included the masterpieces of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, and lasted almost until the present time, for Thomas Hardy, although silent now, is with us yet. If these writers properly belong to the silver age of the English novel, it must be conceded that it is silver gilt. There is no authoritative Life of Thackeray. He enjoys the rare distinction, for a man of mark, of escaping the formal biographer, a privilege attributable to the filial respect of his daughters for a desire expressed by their father after reading some flattering memoir of a defunct celebrity, "Let there be none of this when I go." But it is easier to keep the letter than the spirit of an injunction. Thackeray's bill of health proves to be no more than a formal certificate of merely ceremonial purification. The hands of the official biographer have been kept off the Ark, but we possess all its measurements, and a fairly complete inventory of its contents. The services of a professional architect were dispensed with, but builders, jerry and otherwise, have been busy with the abundant materials. The chef was excluded from the kitchen, but most of the ingredients of the dish he might have prepared, have been at the service of amateur cooks, and served up for consumption in various forms. Lives lacking authorisation, memoirs, biographical introductions to the novels, collections of letters, appreciations, criticisms, reminiscences, recollections, essays, anecdotes and ana, abound like the

leaves in Vallombrosa. Out of the weltering chaos a few elements may be summoned to give cosmic unity to our conception of Thackeray. He came of a Yorkshire yeoman family of some distinction, that had given a headmaster to Harrow, a provost to King's College, several divines to the church, and members to the medical and other professions. His father, grandfather, and three uncles were officials in the Indian civil service, a fourth uncle was an officer in the Bengal army, a fifth was a barrister in Calcutta, three of the aunts were married in India, and his mother belonged to an old civilian family in Bengal, where, at Calcutta, William Makepeace was born on 18th July, 1811.

Losing his father, he was sent at the age of six to be educated in England, and never saw India again, but the impressions of early childhood and his intimate connection with Indian officials were of service to the future author of *Vanity Fair*. On the way home, the vessel touching at St. Helena, the boy had a glimpse of Napoleon walking in his garden. "That is he," said the black servant, "that is Bonaparte! he eats three sheep every day, and all the little children he can lay hands on!" Happily escaping the Corsican ogre, he spent some years at a school in Chiswick Mall, the recollection of which is no doubt responsible for Miss Pinkerton's famous academy; and then was sent to Charterhouse, immortalised afterwards in critical moods as Slaughterhouse, and in more tender moments as Greyfriars.

According to Carlyle, "the richer a nature, the harder and slower its development. Two boys were once of a class in the Edinburgh grammar school: John, ever trim, precise and dux; Walter, ever slovenly, confused and dolt. In due time John became Bailie John of Hunter Square, and Walter became Sir Walter Scott of the universe. The quickest and completest of all vegetables is the cabbage!"



Thackeray lacked affinity with garden stuff, and, constitutionally indolent, made slow progress under the stimulating rhetoric of Dr. Russell, the headmaster. "Pendennis, sir," said he, "your idleness is incorrigible, and your stupidity beyond example; you are a disgrace to your school and to your family, and I have no doubt will prove so in after life to your country." His schoolfellow, Liddell, afterwards the learned Dean of Christ Church, says, "he never attempted to learn the lesson." His time was largely occupied in drawing comic sketches; and we are reminded of another, yet more famous grammar school boy, known to Ben Jonson, by his frank admission that he "learn't no Greek and little Latin."

After six years spent in marking time at Charterhouse he went up to Cambridge, where four terms of comparative academical inactivity, redeemed to some extent by vivacity in directions external to the prescribed curriculum, ended in his departure without completing the task assigned or taking a degree; a lapse from conventional university propriety made by not a few of our most distinguished men of letters, including, to cite a few of them, Philip Massinger, Oliver Goldsmith, Samuel Johnson, Edward Gibbon, Thomas de Quincey, Lord Byron, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Thomas Carlyle, William Wordsworth and Alfred Tennyson. But if Thackeray seemed to profit but little by his educational advantages, the loss was more apparent than real, for the "bread cast upon the waters" was "found after many days."

From Cambridge he went to Weimar, the Mecca of culture in the early part of the nineteenth century, and there studied literature, enjoyed society, bought Schiller's sword, and saw the greatest man in Europe—the poet Goethe. The interview "took place in a little ante-

chamber of his private apartments, covered all round with antique casts and bas-reliefs. He was habited in a long grey or drab redingote, with a white neckcloth, and a red ribbon in his buttonhole. He kept his hands behind his back, as in Rauch's statuette. His complexion was very bright, clear and rosy. His eyes extraordinarily dark, piercing and brilliant. I felt quite afraid before them." However, the great man proved to be no more dangerous than the captive Napoleon, he was gracious, and the memory of the audience remained amongst Thackeray's proudest recollections. He had seen Napoleon, he had seen Goethe.

Returning to London, he entered himself as a student at the Middle Temple, adding law to the series of fiascos that assisted in happily determining his ultimate profession. And then, coming of age, inherited a fortune which brought him in about £500 a year. Lysurgus was deserted for Apelles. He paid serious addresses to art, and flirted with literature. He studied the galleries in Rome, and copied pictures in Paris. But gradually the literary instinct acquired an ascendancy, the process accelerated probably by mortification experienced when Charles Dickens rejected his proffered services as an illustrator of *Pickwick*, on the ground that the specimen drawings submitted for inspection "were not found suitable." "If you will not let me draw," he exclaimed, "I will write." And he kept his word. The two men so strangely brought together are henceforth linked inseparably in thought as twin stars in the firmament of letters, and many readers of a curious astrological propensity are influenced adversely or favourably by their distinctive, characteristic, and differing lights. "I am of Paul, and I of Apollos," while others, of more catholic taste, enjoy the blended illumination. The same sort of

person that is pained by the cynicism of Thackeray, is disgusted with the vulgarity of Dickens. These critics are like the two Dromios, twin brothers of an exact resemblance, but owing allegiance to different masters. Thackeray, says one of these Dromios, was a gentleman by birth and education. He wrote in a style of gentlemanly ease. He wrote for gentlemen. He wrote about gentlemen. His people live in good houses in first-rate residential districts, they keep an adequate staff of servants, they give dinners, their wine is excellent. Many of them, if alive to-day, would enjoy the privilege of paying the super-tax. Whereas Dickens was a common person, of inferior education, who wrote about common people devoid of social interest, and gushed unwholesome sentiment about improbable Betty Higdens. The few individuals of real consideration introduced into his novels being grotesque caricatures of their class, seen with astigmatic eyes through the distorting medium of class prejudice. Then the other Dromio retorts that Dickens was a man whose heart throbbed in unison with the great heart of humanity; that he was a genius of incalculable force and vivacity, whose fertility of mind and fecundity of invention enriched English literature with a gallery of portraits unrivalled in number and individuality, unless in the plays of Shakespeare. Whereas Thackeray looked at life through the windows of a fashionable club, with a nod and a smile for occupants of carriages, although inwardly despising them as snobs, and a contemptuous stare for the mere man in the street. A writer unable to describe a good man without the suggestion that he was a fool, or a good woman who was not a ridiculous goose.

Combating prejudice is like punching a bolster, breathlessly fatiguing exercise, of little unless subjective utility, and the comedy of errors will probably continue to keep

the stage in certain quarters until broader views prevail, or the Coquecigrues come.

The world of fools has such a store  
That he who would not see an ass

Must bide at home, and bolt his door  
And break his looking glass.

Sydney Smith and his friends cultivated literature upon a little oatmeal. Thackeray began operations under better financial auspices, but in a very short time they vanished, and even the oatmeal became problematical. Some of the money went like Sir Walter Scott's fortune and Mark Twain's, in publishing ventures that were unsuccessful. Some of it disappeared in mere juvenile extravagance. And a great deal melted away in loans to impecunious friends and confiding advances to unscrupulous sharks. One day at Spa, says Mr. Melville, he "pointed out to Sir Theodore Martin a broken-down but gentlemanly-looking man as 'the original of my Deuceace. I have not seen him since the day he drove me down in his cabriolet to my broker's in the city, where I sold out my patrimony and handed it over to him.' "

Thackeray was now five and twenty years old, an age when the choice of a career, if not already made, becomes perplexing and imperative. The anxious father of a young man of his antecedents would certainly be deeply engaged in the study of some guide to the professions, and hang on the lips of a mentor who offered advice as to what we shall do with our boys. The authorities at Charterhouse would shrug their shoulders at any appeal made to them, for the future novelist was not exactly the type of youth that headmasters contemplate with almost parental pride. As an alumnus of Trinity, his truncated career and failure to graduate, coupled with other circumstances, spared him the risk of inquisitive interest in his future welfare. As a

student of law in the Middle Temple, or of art in the ateliers of Paris, his success was of a kind to justify modesty, if not to awaken misgivings. As a litterateur his productions had been so far indicative rather of promise than actually successful performances. And as a business man his publishing ventures had dissipated his patrimony and almost ruined an indulgent stepfather. Nothing was wanted to complete his training for the career of a man of letters except a marriage, imprudent from a worldly point of view, and that was achieved when he set up housekeeping with a young wife on his salary as Paris correspondent of a paper that presently failed. Shakespeare says: "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." If Thackeray had succeeded in the schools, at the bar, in the studio, or in business, we should have had perhaps another headmaster of Harrow bearing that name—an attorney-general, forgotten now—a name to conjure with in Christie's salerooms, or a prophetic anticipation of Lord Northcliffe, and we should have lost *Vanity Fair*, *Esmond*, *The Newcomes*, and half a score of works that the world will not willingly let die. But he failed, and his temporary loss is our permanent gain.

There is one profession that can turn to useful account the *disjecta membra* of incomplete studies, unfinished observations, fragmentary acquisitions and partial attainments. It prefers a mosaic of chippings to the monotonous regularity of a conventional design. All is fish that comes into its net if it has the savour of the sea.

Within a few months of his marriage Thackeray settled in London as a journalist, and for ten years kept the wolf from the door by writing for papers and magazines. Enough of these contributions have been reprinted to swell the bulk of his works from four or five volumes, upon

which his fame principally rests, to thirteen in the biographical edition. But their name was legion, and even the industry of *post mortem* veneration has not saved multitudes of them from the oblivion into which Lord Rosebery would consign most of the productions of the pen. It is one of the paradoxes of literature that an author frequently described as slow in production, was an extremely facile writer, and an indolent man enjoys the credit of an extensive output.

Ancient fable tells us that Pallas Athena sprang forth fully armed from the head of Zeus, and it was said of Macaulay that, like Lord Byron, he awoke one morning and found himself famous. Dickens at four and twenty had taken the world by storm with the *Pickwick Papers*, but Thackeray's ascent of Parnassian heights was leisurely. The route taken was indirect and circuitous. Miscellaneous papers in sundry periodicals, published under various pen names, scatter attention, and the public mind was not concentrated upon Thackeray until the appearance of *Vanity Fair*. He was well known among journalists, and thousands of readers had enjoyed his satire, and laughed at his amusing pen and ink sketches, without forming any definite conception of the author and artist. Burnt almonds and olives are excellent accessories to a dinner, but find no mention on the menu. The magazines of the later Georgian and early Victorian periods are full of delicious scraps like a well-made hot-pot, but how many people know anything to-day about Dr. Maginn and Father Prout and Theodore Hook, and a score of scholars and wits who met Thackeray on the stairs of publishing houses or in editors' sanctums. He was one of a brilliant crowd of humorists and satirists, and but for *Vanity Fair*, and three or four important novels that succeeded it, might have shared the obscurity that

fell upon the rest when the light of life was extinguished. To the early days belong the *Paris* and *Irish Sketch Books*, the latter described by a competent critic "as almost peerless in its kind;" *The Great Hoggarty Diamond*, so little appreciated that the editor asked him to shorten it; the *Yellow Plush Papers*, in which were begun his attacks upon snobs; *The Story of Catherine*, and that literary masterpiece, *Barry Lyndon*, prophetic of *Esmond* in its grasp of the details, and insight into the spirit of the eighteenth century. During this period also he began his long connection with *Punch*, in which appeared among countless minor contributions from his pen, the celebrated *Snob Papers*, held in some quarters to be the principal warrant for the charge of cynicism so frequently made against Thackeray. It is not everybody who lives up to the level of his creed, but Thackeray's *Confession of Faith*, to which reference has previously been made, was justified by works which illustrate the articles of his belief. He described what he saw with a verisimilitude not altogether acceptable to readers who view life through rose-coloured spectacles. He saw that men are weak, and as truth must be told, refrained from the temptation of depicting moral Sandows. Faults are owned and indicated with a frankness at times disconcerting. Whatever may be the *Origin*, according to Burke, of our *Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*, a veracious writer would be reluctant to affirm that they came from the study of average human nature. And Thackeray was never engaged like Dr. Syntax on a *Tour in Search of the Picturesque*. The people he describes are not gods and goddesses escaped in mufti from a sculptor's studio, but men and women so familiar that we need not open a book to find them—they meet us in the street. Brown, Jones, and Robinson are not like the mighty trio that brought David water from the well of Bethlehem;

they bear scant resemblance to the "dauntless three" that held the bridge across the Tiber. Thackeray saw their weaknesses, observed their faults, recognised their need of pardon, of the tear that blots the accusing record. And the keen eyes were suffused with mist. After all, they are not such bad fellows, they are no worse than ourselves. Even his rascals and blackguards, his Barry Lyndons and Rawdon Crawleys and Corporal Brocks, had some redeeming features, some touch of that humanity which unites us all, some touch of that nature which makes the whole world kin. However much indignation stirred his temper, he never forgot his own apothegm, "Love reigns supreme over all." There was nothing in common between Thersites and Thackeray but the first letters of their names, and the charge of cynicism breaks down as we contemplate his life and study his work. A cynic snarls with a canine grin, preparatory to a vicious snap, and "the poison of asps is under his lips." His opinions are acidulated with scorn.

Was Thackeray a cynic? Yes, if 'tis the cynic's part  
 To track the serpent's trail with saddened eye;  
 To mark how good and ill divide the heart,  
 How lives in chequered shade and sunshine lie.

. . . . .

How e'en the best unto the worst is knit  
 By brotherhood of weakness, sin, and care;  
 How even in the worst, sparks may be lit  
 To show all is not utter darkness there.

Thackeray was not a cynic, but a satirist; his aim was to shoot folly as it flies. And a peculiar sensitiveness and dislike of anything mean, combined with a strong sense of humour, kept his preserves well stocked with game. He never lacked sport, or reason to be satisfied with his bag. Charles Lamb speaks of a bibliophile with a "nose for a book." Thackeray had a nose for a snob, he was keen on



the scent; it was an instinct, or an intuition, partly moral, partly intellectual; the quarry never escaped him. And, like motorists, golfers, bridge-players, and other devotees of particular sports or pastimes, he was apt to become a little wearisome at times to the less ardent players.

By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The *Snob Papers* should be read as they appeared, with intervals between them. But Thackeray was more than a satirist laughing at human nature; he was a moralist, and took himself seriously. It was not a fencing exhibition that he contemplated, but the destruction of shams. Carlyle, like a Cœur de Lion, attacked them with a battle-axe. Thackeray, like a Saladin, wielded a scimeter. Whether the pen is "mightier than the sword" or not, it can be quite as cutting. Listen to his "Word on the Annuals."

The popular "Keepsakes," which enjoyed too long a vogue, they all bear the same character and are exactly like "The Book of Beauty," "Flowers of Loveliness," and so on, which appeared last year. A large weak plate, done in what we believe is called the stipple style of engraving, a woman badly drawn, with enormous eyes—a tear, perhaps, upon each cheek—and an exceedingly low cut dress—pats a greyhound or weeps into a flower pot, or delivers a letter to a bandy-legged, curly-headed page. An immense train of white satin fills up one corner of the plate; an urn, a stone railing, a fountain and a bunch of hollyhocks adorn the other . . . . Miss Landon, Miss Mitford or my Lady Blessington writes a song upon the opposite page about Water Lily, chilly, stilly, shivering beside a streamlet, plighted, blighted, love benighted, falsehood sharper than a gimlet, lost affection, recollection, cut connexion, tears in torrents, true love token, spoken, broken, dying girl of Florence; and so on. The poetry is quite worthy of the picture, and a little sham sentiment is employed to illustrate a little sham art.

Of a more serious character was the false sentiment that invested scoundrels and criminals in the garb of romance, and made heroes of footpads and cutpurses. As represented in contemporary fiction, Eugene Aram, the murderer, became an object of affectionate interest, and Jack Sheppard, the prison breaker, a subject of tender regard. The moralist in Thackeray was aroused to wrath, and the satirist sharpened his weapons. "Vice is a monster of such hideous mein, as to be hated needs but to be seen." In *Elizabeth Brownrigge*, in *Catherine Hayes*, and in *Barry Lyndon*, the criminal is painted as Oliver Cromwell wished his portrait to be—"warts and all." If nothing is set down in malice it must be admitted that nothing is extenuated, and sympathy with sordid villainy is extinguished in contempt.

For some time now Thackeray had been meditating a work more worthy of his ripened powers. He was dissatisfied with the position of a purveyor of snacks and literary bar luncheons. Dickens had long ago made a great name and was known in the homes of the people. Incidentally also, he was making a considerable fortune. Thackeray was well known to a select society, and in London clubs, and in literary circles, but no one outside of a comparatively small coterie had any conception of his real capacity. As yet he had done nothing to arrest public attention. And although he was making a fair income, he was anxious about the future. A great tragedy had clouded his life. Like Charles Lamb, whom in several respects he resembled, his humour trembled between laughter and tears. Like Lamb's sister, the wife of his youth was a victim of insanity. Like the gentle Elia he bore the brunt bravely of an unspeakable sorrow. Grief and suffering whitened his hair and furrowed his countenance, his portrait in middle life is that of an elderly man.

He lived to the age of Shakespeare and Napoleon, but looked twenty years older. And his great anxiety was to provide for the two daughters whom, with some premonition of a shortened span, he feared might be left in poverty. He had seen much of the world, and every phase of experience left its mark upon his receptive mind. India, the home of his infancy, Chiswick, the Charter-house, Cambridge, Weimar, the Paris Saloons, London, each contributed its quota to his knowledge of man and the world. An inspired dreamer of a previous age had written in an immortal book, "Then I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the Wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity, and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair." Thackeray borrowed the name for his great novel. It expressed with brevity and felicity the view of life that he intended to portray, with its confusion and bustle, its business and pleasure, its emptiness, frivolity, meanness and cruelty. *Vanity Fair*, said its author at a later time, "is undoubtedly the best of my books. It has the best story, and for another thing the title is such a good one, you couldn't have a better." But at first the publishers looked at it askance, it was difficult to find a firm willing to undertake its publication upon Thackerays terms, and this hesitation seemed justified by the indifference of the public when the numbers began to appear—the sale was small. The question was discussed, Is it worth while to go on. But the clouds cleared away; as successive parts were issued interest in the story grew. FitzGerald wrote "Thackeray is progressing greatly in his line: he publishes a novel in numbers—*Vanity Fair*—which began dull I thought, but gets better every number." Before it was finished he was ranked with Dickens, and by some placed above him as the greatest novelist of the day. Mrs. Carlyle,

for example, after reading one number, wrote to her husband, "Very good indeed, beats Dickens out of the world."

Thackeray had always moved in what is called "good society," but now he basked in the sunshine of the greatest. Historic houses opened their doors to him. "The Lion of the tribe of Judah," as Charlotte Brontë once called him, had become the lion of the tribe that hunts them for social purposes. The winter of discontent was made glorious summer. The hour so long delayed had come, and the man. *Vanity Fair* was described on the title page as a novel without a hero, it was also a novel without a plot. It is a transcript of life. Life, which is not arranged in geometrical pattern around a central ornament, or plaited of parti-coloured cords tied at the end with a lover's knot. We enter the Fair and wander among the stalls and booths where are "sold all sorts of vanity," and we see "jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind." *Vanity Fair* was followed immediately by *Pendennis*. "Since the author of *Tom Jones* was buried," he remarks in his preface, "no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a Man." He essays the task. Here, then, is a novel with a hero, not, indeed, the favourite of fiction, towering like Saul head and shoulders above the people, but such a hero as may be met in actual life, compounded of good and bad qualities like his predecessor in Fielding's masterpiece.

A creature not too bright or good,  
For human nature's daily food.

If *Vanity Fair* was Thackeray's *Pickwick Papers*, *Pendennis* was his *David Copperfield*, full of allusions to scenes and circumstances of early life. It was said of a celebrated divine that reading his books, which were of

a popular character, sent people to hear his sermons, and that hearing his sermons induced them to buy his books. Thackeray's popularity with the upper classes prepared the way for a similar experience. An opportunity was afforded of hearing the literary and social lion roar. "I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove. I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale." He gave a course of lectures at Willis's Rooms before crowded audiences of the elite of London Society on the "*English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*," There was no subject with which he was better acquainted, and there was no man better acquainted with that subject. His knowledge of the life and literature of the Eighteenth Century was intimate, peculiar, and unique, it occupied him, he says, "to the exclusion almost of the nineteenth." His mind was cast in an eighteenth century mould, his style was formed on the best models of that period, he might have been a contemporary of Addison and Steele, his early writings abound with indications of his interest in their time, and he was making a special study of it for *Esmond*.

He felt very nervous at the prospect of facing an audience, but anxiety to provide for his children overcame all reluctance, and the lectures proved a financial success, more money could be earned in an hour, than could be raised by the pen in a fortnight. They were repeated in the provinces, and among other places at Liverpool. In a letter to Lady Stanley, he writes "Not above 200 people come to the lectures, and the Philharmonic Hall, the most beautiful room I've seen, is made for 2,500, so that the little audience shudders in the middle, and the lecturer stands in a vast empty orchestra, where there is a place for 150 musicians. It is like a dinner for twenty, and three people to eat it." Another series of lectures, published later on, *The Four Georges*, although almost equally brilliant,

were less popular in consequence of his drastic treatment of recent occupants of the throne. They certainly afforded the amplest scope for a display of his satirical gifts. Meanwhile was published a novel which must rank forever among the greatest achievements in English literature. In *Esmond* we possess perhaps the finest historical novel in our language. I know of none that can endure comparison with it except Charles Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth*, and that is a work of a different character. The author, although he expressed some surprise at the success of it, said "Here is the very best that I can do . . . I stand by this book, and am willing to leave it where I go as my card." Various circumstances contributed to the excellence of the production. It was published as a whole, and escaped the danger of inequality attending the issue by a dilatory writer of monthly parts. The hero of the story is himself the narrator, his language had to correspond with the thought and sentiment of his time, no place could be found for moral or didactic digressions, no scope was afforded for satirical comment inconsistent with *Esmond's* character. If in *Vanity Fair* there was no hero, and in *Pendennis* only such an imperfect one as Slaughterhouse and Oxbridge would be likely to produce, in *Esmond* we have Thackeray's ideal of manhood, belonging, as ideals almost invariably do, to an age or region remote from our own, thus exemplifying the adage that "Distance lends enchantment to the view." After this *tour-de-force* Thackeray returned to his earlier manner, and in *The Newcomes*, published in parts, produced a work in the characteristic vein of *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*, but as an acute critic has remarked, "It is to be noted of *The Newcomes* that the author's favorite moral, *Vanitas vanitatum*, is suggested with a tender melancholy that softens the satirical purpose." Thackeray described himself as "a week-day

preacher" and the old tendency to sermonise that annoyed Taine so much re-appears, but age and suffering mellow the sarcasm, and to quote an accomplished scholar, "Everybody knows the suavity and beauty of the picture of Colonel Newcome's life in the Charterhouse; the exquisite and incomparable final scene, with its measureless pathos and impressive reticence, is among the imperishable things of literature." After an interval occupied in lecturing, in trips to the Continent in search of health, and during which he republished a selection of his earlier works, and divagated into politics, contesting unsuccessfully the parliamentary representation of Oxford, in opposition to Mr., afterwards Lord, Cardwell; he produced his fifth and last great novel, *The Virginians*, a continuation of and sequel to *Esmond*; a work which, although exhibiting signs of weariness in the extreme looseness of its construction, and inferior as a whole to the grand series inaugurated by *Vanity Fair*, contains some of his very best writing, and, in the Baroness de Bernstein, one of the finest portraits in Thackeray's gallery.

Two years later he was appointed Editor of the new *Cornhill Magazine*, and achieved his last and greatest journalistic triumph. As Anthony Trollope said, "he had become big enough to give a special éclat to any literary exploit to which he attached himself." The list of contributors included many of the most brilliant writers of the day, and, of the first number, 120,000 copies were sold. Lord Houghton wrote "It is almost too good, both for the public it is written for and the money it has to earn." Carlyle gave it his benediction, "Fair wind and full sea to you in this hitherto so successful voyage for which the omens are on all sides good." The last book glanced at by the most omnivorous reader that ever lived, Lord Macaulay, was the first number of the *Cornhill Magazine*,

“It was open at Thackeray’s story on the table by the side of the chair in which he died.” To the new venture Thackeray contributed two novels, *Lovel the Widower* and the *Adventures of Philip*; the *Roundabout Papers*; and in it were printed for the first time his *Lectures on the Four Georges*. In it also appeared after his death the fragment of *Denis Duval*, than which it may be said that nothing better had been written even by his eloquent pen. I has been said that “Of a magazine Editor, it is required that he should be patient, scrupulous, judicious, but above all things hard-hearted.” Of the last-mentioned qualification Thackeray possessed not a shred, he had courage enough to refuse a story by Trollope which offended his sense of propriety, and a poem by Mrs. Browning that sinned in his opinion against good taste; but rather than say no to an indigent author of the merest rubbish, who appealed to his compassion, he would pigeonhole an unsuitable manuscript and pay for it out of his own pocket. Letters of entreaty were “thorns in the cushion.” Partly by them he was goaded into resignation, and partly by a thorn in the flesh, almost continual ill-health. “I have taken too many crops out of my brain” “I would like to rest my head in some quiet corner.” “The terminus can’t be far off—a few years more or less. I wouldn’t care to travel over the ground again, though I have had some pleasant days and dear companions.” When after two years and four months he gave up the Editor’s chair, he had twenty months to live. A few days before Christmas, 1863, meeting Dickens on the steps of the Athenæum Club—they had not spoken since a disagreement some years before—Thackeray, says Mr. Lewis Melville, “turned back, and with outstretched hand went up to Dickens, and said he could no longer bear to be on any but the old terms of friendship, and the men shook hands heartily, and once



again were friends." On Christmas eve he was found dead in his bed. On the the last day but one of the year they laid him to rest in the cemetery at Kensal Green. The stone bears a laconic inscription, his name and the dates of his birth and death.

Thackeray's portrait is that of a broad shouldered son of Anak ; he stood 6 feet 4 inches in height, with a massive head crowned with abundant silvery waving hair. His expression is benign and full of dignity. Spectacles were worn for shortness of sight. His nose, broken by his friend Venables in a school-boy fight, resembles that of Michael Angelo, which probably explains in part his use of Michael Angelo Titmarsh as a favourite pen-name. In sheer intellectual power no English novelist surpasses Thackeray. He saw life and he saw it whole. He draws real men and women, They are not the puppets his modesty would have us believe. They belong to our world, and we know them. They are not incarnations of special characteristics or caricatures of peculiar idiosyncrasies, but made as actual men are, of elements of good and evil. The worst not wholly bad, the best not altogether good. Like the rest of us they have the defects of their merits, and like the rest of us some saving merit in the midst of their defects. An average novel presents us with three types, the hero, the villain, and the more or less indifferent lay-figure, but Thackeray discarded convention and painted from the life, with the freedom of a great artist interpreting his subject. His knowledge of man was profound, and few have attained his insight into motive. There is something almost uncanny in a species of moral second sight that he possessed, which made him feel uncomfortable in the presence of certain people. He could read them as a book. His penetration into character resembled the instinct for locality, he could find his way without sign-

posts, he seemed to feel rather than know the right direction. "I don't control my characters, I am in their hands, and they take me where they please." Charles Lamb was seen one day kissing an old folio, and Thackeray was disturbed weeping over the death of Helen Pendennis. His characters were so real to himself that he loved them, and they re-appear in successive tales or sketches with the delightful informality of an old friend making an unexpected call. They are so real to the reader that he suspects the author of carrying a mental Kodak and taking snapshots of the people he met, but nothing is more futile than to attempt their identification. Traits of many, gathered by keen observation are blended with results of reflection, and the result is a creation. And what a creator he was! Deduct from your world of realized conceptions the men and women of Thackeray, and what a lonely region it becomes! "Gone are the old familiar faces!" To watch the procession passing by might take hours. We can give the barest nod of recognition to dear old Colonel Newcome, heading the column Adsum!; catch a swift glance from the green eyes of Becky Sharp; exchange a bow with Esmond; make our obeisance to Lady Castlewood and Beatrix; raise our hat to Amelia Sedley, Helen Pendennis, Ethel Newcome, Laura Bell; salute Mrs. Peggy O'Dowd, Mrs. Bute Crawley, Blanche Amory, Miss Fotheringay, and a crowd of ladies large enough to ensure the success of the biggest Grand Bazaar. And here come the rest of the men, George Osborne, too much occupied with himself to notice us, and Dobbin, too anxious about Amelia's comfort to see anybody; Joseph Sedley, lost in recollections of Boggley Wollah; Arthur Pendennis and his uncle the Major; Rawdon Crawley, George Warrington, Captain Costigan, Foker, Yellowplush, Fitzboodle, and a host sufficient even to bring the Territorials up to Mr. Haldane's

patriotic, if exigent, standard. But Thackeray's fecundity in original characterisation by no means exhausts the fertility of his genius. He was too wise to attempt an epic poem like Disraeli, and he restricted his dramatic efforts to what has been felicitously described as "a pocket theatre," the novel. But in almost every other department of literary activity he was a master. His ballads and verses overflow with pathos and humour. His essays, especially the *Roundabout Papers*, take rank with the best in the language. His Christmas books and sketch books are unrivalled in their kind, and his miscellaneous articles in *Punch* and elsewhere have contributed to the "gaiety of nations." His was a rare and beautiful spirit of splendid endowment, a thinker with the heart of a child, a moral philosopher with the frolicsome nature of a schoolboy, a critic of life, and a satirist with the tenderness of a woman, the gentleness of a maid. "He combined," says Mr. Hannay, "Addison's love of virtue with Johnson's hatred of cant, Horace Walpole's lynx eye for the mean and ridiculous, with the gentleness and wide charity for mankind as a whole of Goldsmith." Even such an adverse critic as Taine admits that "he brought to the aid of satire a sustained common sense, a great knowledge of the heart, consummate cleverness, powerful reasoning." Much of the misapprehension that existed respecting Thackeray, but is vanishing as his character becomes better understood, was due no doubt to that imperfect sense of humour among the masses of our countrymen which makes them appear in foreign eyes to be such a dull and serious people. "Here comes a fool, let us be grave." Like the gentleman in Mark Twain who could not understand the Jay story, sober minded people of the early Victorian period shook their heads in puzzled bewilderment over pages that mingled censure and sarcasm, wit and wisdom, irony and indig-

nation, satire and sympathy. They were kept in a state of oscillation between approval of his moral sentiments and annoyance with what seemed to them unseasonable levity. A certain breadth is essential to appreciation of the jokes of the saints. "Tell me what a man laughs at," said a wise observer, "and I will tell you what he is." Thackeray's claim to employ humour and satire in futherance of serious ends reminds Mr. Lilly of the demand made by the melancholy Jaques in "As you like it."

I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I will; for so fools have.

. . . . .

Invest me in my motley; give me leave

To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Thackeray's medicine was not intended to be a narcotic but a stimulating draught, wholesome and health-giving. It had many flavours, but none disagreeable to the palate; there was no poison in it. Whether broad farce, burlesque and parody, or delicate humour and gleaming wit, it was never indulged in without recollection of the sentence that ends the *Book of Snobs* "If Fun is good, Truth is still better, and Love is the best of all." Lord Houghton's lines are just:—

O gentle censor of our age!

Prime master of our ampler tongue!

Whose word of wit and generous page

Were never wroth except with wrong.

When he died England lost a master of laughter and tears, a stylist of the rarest distinction, a portrait painter whose creations step out of the canvas and mingle with our life, a satirist who, by describing, has helped to destroy

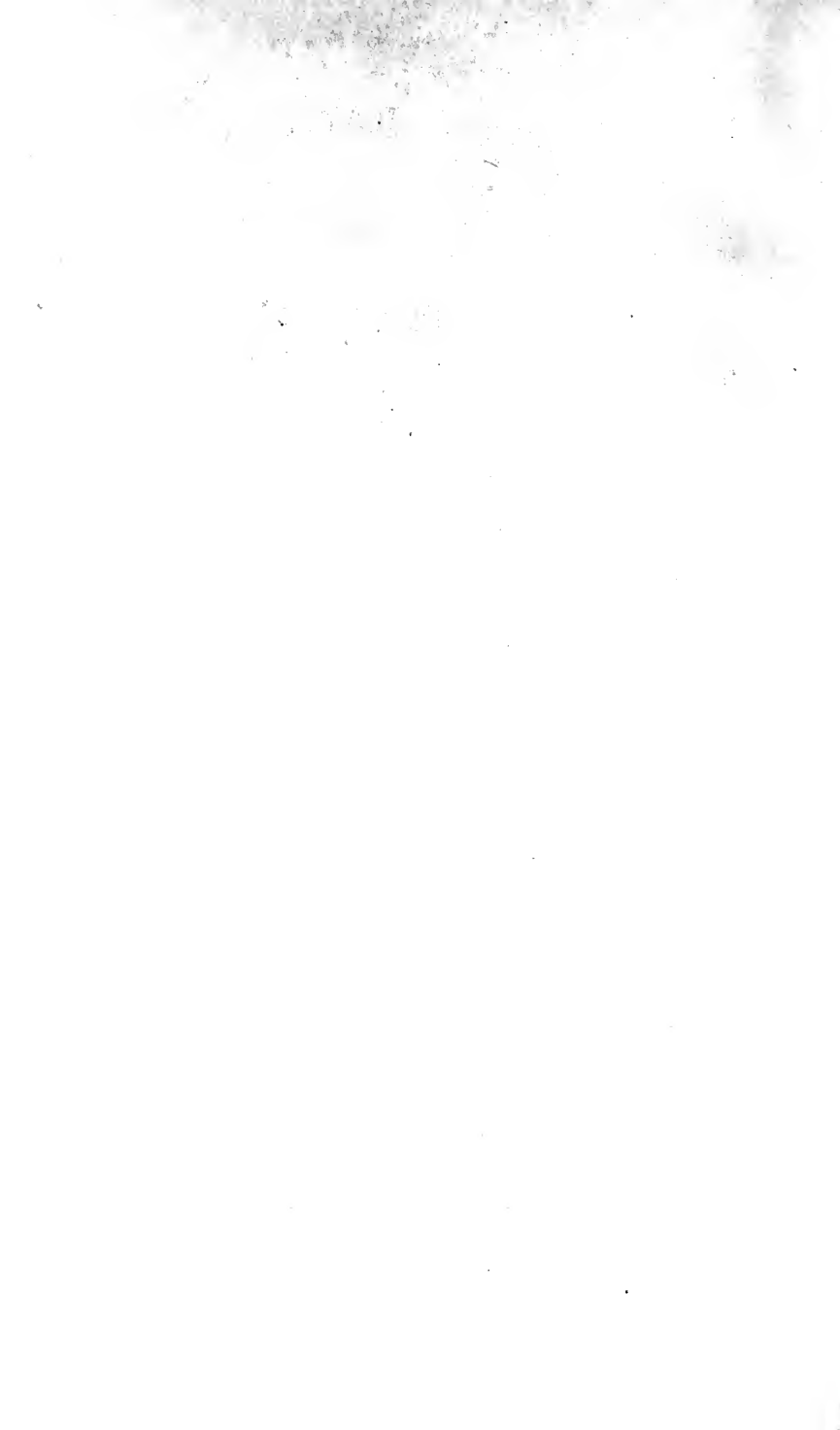
myriad forms of meanness. When he died children lost the man who understood them best because he was himself, as a little child. And the poor lost a benefactor who forgot their indebtedness to his noble charity, but never forgot the inextinguishable obligation that love imposed upon him. And everywhere friends were mourning a man who gave them a new and elevated conception of friendship. Nearly two thousand of them gathered around his grave. But none were there on that fatal Christmas eve. None saw him die, or we might have had a picture such as this, almost a prophecy of things to come, which was written by his own hand.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time, and just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said "adsum," and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called; And lo, he whose heart was as that of a little child had answered to his name and stood in the presence of the Master.

The hands on the coverlet, the peculiar sweet smile, the heart as that of a little child—it was Thackeray.









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